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THE CITIZEN

Devoted to the Interests of the Mountain People

Knowledge is power—and the
way to keep up with modern
knowledge is to read a good
newspaper.

Vol. XIII.

Five cents a copy.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, APRIL 25, 1912

One Dollar a year.

No. 43

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Our assortment includes Patterns and Colors to please all tastes, in sizes to fit all figures, at prices to suit every purse. The warranty on DUTCHESS Trousers insures you against mishaps. Lose a button or have them rip and we pay you the indemnity: 10 cents a button, \$1 a rip.

R. R. COYLE
BEREA KENTUCKY

Berea A Business Center

Distributing Point for Several Counties
—Many High Class Stores, Two
Banks, Roller and Planing
Mills, Etc.

Volume of Business Approaches the
Half Million Mark

Well Grounded Boast

Berea has boasted for many years of holding a greater per cent of its business custom than any town on the L. and N. And it does something more—it daily supplies many of the wants of our neighboring towns.

With a market equal in efficiency to that of any county seat in Eastern Kentucky, with the combined efforts of more than a dozen "live wires" in the mercantile business and with a range of at least 12 counties, we have some facts which command the attention of our competitors.

A Distributing Point

Lying at the foothills of Eastern Kentucky, Berea is skirting on one side by a territory devoted to farming. But this seeming handicap is offset by the fact that she is on a great thoroughfare into a dozen adjoining mountain counties, and is a distributing point for some others. From these mountain counties we receive an average of 5,000 railroad ties, 3 cars of tan bark and 10,000 spokes per month, bringing a total income to our gates of over \$50,000 per year. This with our farmers, country merchants and Berea College payroll lifts the sum well toward the half million mark. A glance at our local freight receipts which total \$3,000 monthly shows that there is something doing around Berea.

(Continued on Page Five)

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

FIRST PAGE

Editorials.
In Our Own State.
News of the Week.
Berea A Business Center.
Our Advertisers.
Berea College A Power House of Social and Industrial Progress.

SECOND PAGE

General News.
Survivors of Titanic Land in New York.
Markets.

THIRD PAGE

Recent Reports from Titanic Survivors.

FOURTH PAGE

Local News.
Berea to Welcome the Boosters.
Missionary Gathering.
Out of the Ordinary.
Banquet.
Poem—Spring.

FIFTH PAGE

Y. M. C. A. Notes.
Birthday Supper.

SIXTH PAGE

Serial Story.

SEVENTH PAGE

More about the Titanic Disaster.
Sunday School Lesson.

EIGHTH PAGE

Eastern Kentucky News.
Rules for Boys' Corn Club.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

More Disasters—Mississippi Flood Still Rages—Federal Officials Attempt to Avert Railroad Strike—Anthracite Situation Improves.

DISASTER FOLLOWS DISASTER
Sunday night a week ago the Titanic sank off the banks of Newfoundland carrying down 1,595 of the passengers and crew. Sunday afternoon, a week later, a terrific storm swept over Illinois and Indiana, and was felt in several other states, bringing death and fearful loss of property. The list of the dead is variously estimated from 66 to 85, and as many as two hundred are reported seriously hurt.

FLOOD STILL RAMPANT

The flood situation in the lower Mississippi is still serious. Fifty towns and villages are reported to have felt the effects of this most disastrous of Mississippi floods. Many thousands are without homes and the death total to date is said to be three hundred.

TO AVERT STRIKE

Federal officials have offered their service to the railroad engineers in an effort to prevent a threatened strike which would affect fifty railroads, covering practically the entire northeastern section of the United States.

The managers of the railroads had just refused to accede to the demands of the engineers for an 18 per cent increase in wages, and the strike had been announced to take effect within thirty-six hours. Both sides welcome the offers of mediation.

VACATION WILL END SOON

The anthracite coal miners, 170,000 in number, who have been idle nearly four weeks awaiting the outcome of negotiations between the representatives of the men and operators, may soon be directed to resume work, as the conference between the operators and the representatives of the miners is said to be progressing satisfactorily.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT FROST

City and Country Have Each Their Good and Bad.

Dear Readers of The Citizen:
Another quick trip puts me in New York—this time by the Pennsylvania railroad from Cincinnati. It was a train of new, steel cars, supposed to be safer in case of accident. I came in on a good specimen of a New York morning, after a rain that swept the streets and the air, and with the sun shining. The new station, largest in the world, gives one a sense of having breathing space even in a great city. I went directly

(Continued on Page Five)

ROOSEVELT MAKING A SHOWING

The last week has seen the delegates of three more states lined up for Roosevelt—West Virginia, Nebraska, and Oregon. And in each the Roosevelt sentiment, as in the case of Illinois and Pennsylvania, was overwhelming.

Of course, the Ex-President's column of delegates is not nearly so large as the President's yet, but the most ardent Taft supporter cannot be blind to the significance of the development of the last two weeks, and he is forced to admit that the primaries in these states have tended to prove the contention that the people are for the Colonel.

In taking its stand at first on the side of the President, as opposed to Mr. Roosevelt, THE CITIZEN did so feeling that Mr. Taft was a true progressive—as true, when properly considered, as Mr. Roosevelt. Furthermore, in deciding to support the candidacy of the President, the determining fact was that there seemed to be little difference in the policies or platform—not enough by any means to give the Ex-President an issue, and the sense of loyalty was on the other side.

And the progress of the campaign has in no sense shown the wisdom of this position. It has rather confirmed it as wise, for, whatever others may think, though he might be the almost unanimous choice of the convention and the popular choice in many of the states, owing to his misrepresentation of the President, his almost bitter characterizations of him in some instances and his effort to prove him an ally of all the base in politics, THE CITIZEN must confess that Mr. Roosevelt has rather fallen in its esteem.

The policies appeal more strongly to the man. The weight of genial, kindly, temperate and patient personality is on the other side, and no loss in policies.

NO JONAH ON BOARD

"It was the hand of God," says a Philadelphia Minister. John Jacob Astor was on board and John Jacob Astor was a bad man. He had defied the Church and gotten married when told that he should not.

The hand of God! That is as much as to say that God had it in for Astor and had been waiting the last six months to get him in the best place to punish him. This best place turned out to be the mid Atlantic on board the largest and finest ship in the world. Strange that Astor should have been there alone! But he was not alone. There were about 2300 others on board the same ship and 1600 of them perished with Astor. Were they all bad too? Not by any means. They were the most heroic souls and many of them were good—there were a few ministers and one good lady missionary at least. On the other hand, some of those that were rescued were bad and many of them, to say the least, were no better than the lost. God's hand. If so, a very indiscriminating hand.

The minister, the priest or the prophet who wrote the Jonah story in Ancient Hebrew times had a far better conception of God than this Philadelphia Minister. While he pictured God as tracking Jonah on to the heathen ship that sailed to Tarshish he did not conceive that even the heathen crew should be destroyed in order to reach the fleeing preacher, but he made them rather the instruments of God's wrath—led them to recognize the true God and honor him. And, furthermore, this same true God was seen to be merciful. He could provide a great fish in anticipation of the prayer of repentance and thus thwart his own anger. This we get from a literal interpretation of the story.

But, of course, we know now that the Jonah story was only an allegory—it was not literally true. It was true on a larger scale. Jonah stood for the Hebrew people. Their mission was to represent the true God to the heathen world, but instead they were hiding him from the world—fleeing before his commands. And disaster overtook them. Babylon was the great fish that was prepared for them—that swallowed them up. But Babylon unfettered Israel and sent him to rebuild his walls; to begin again his ministry—Jonah was discharged upon the Palestinian coast.

The Book of Jonah is a true religious interpretation of real past events. It almost announces the reign of law as the reign of God.

No, Astor was in no sense the Titanic's Jonah, and the God that brooded over the dark waters off the Newfoundland Banks that awful night, while certainly not a vindictive, neither was he a pitying God, listening to the cry for succor. He was the God of un pitying, inexorable law.

It was law that built the iceberg. It was law that controlled the ocean current. It was man that made the Titanic and directed her course. The law was unyielding and man paid the penalty. The story has many lessons but, if there is a problem of religion in it, it is this—the necessity of conformity to law and the futility of the cry for mercy—for succor.

And thus it is and has been always and everywhere. Only thus has there been and could there have been human progress. The law is the School-master. Abrogate the law, hear the cry for succor, and the lesson is lost, no progress made, carelessness takes the place of watchfulness, mankind tempts the law, tempts God and chaos ensues.

Mr. Henry Lengfeller, White's Station, Ky.
Berea, Ky.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find check. Mr. Morgan had to undergo a slight operation yesterday so asked me to write and tell you that your charges were very reasonable, as he considers he has the best job of guttering in the county, and many who have seen the work say this also. I hope Mr. Morgan will be able to be up and out again in a week or ten days.

(Mrs. Harry Morgan) Yours truly, JULIA MORGAN

Such letters make hard work easy and drudgery a pleasure

Have your House Gutters and Tin Work repaired before you paint.

HENRY LENGFELLNER

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Mt. Pleasant**Now ready for delivery at
the lowest prices at

CHRISMAN'S

"THE FURNITURE MAN"

IN OUR OWN STATE

Cincinnati Business Men Invade Ky.
State Democratic Convention—Coming
Fire Works—Mine Explosion
Kills Five—Hung Jury for Dolan.

INVADING KENTUCKY

The Cincinnati Boosters began their memorable excursion through Kentucky and Tennessee, Monday, arriving at Lexington, Monday evening, where they were given a royal welcome to the blue grass capital. Tuesday, they continued their journey over the Queen and Crescent and will go as far south as Chattanooga, returning by the Southern and L. and N., they are scheduled to reach Cincinnati, Friday night. Berea is to be given a call Friday afternoon.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

The State Democratic Executive Committee decided last Saturday that the 26 delegates to the Baltimore Convention should be chosen not by a state primary, which was favored by many, but by a convention to be held in Louisville, May 29th. County mass conventions will be held to select delegates to the state convention on the 27th.

A feature of the meeting of the committee was the easy ascendancy of the Beckham-Mayo faction. It is said that the forces in control will oppose instructing the delegates to

(Continued on Page Eight)

OUR ADVERTISERS

It is a common thing for The Citizen to receive letters speaking in the highest terms of its news features, editorials and feature articles. And it is winning commendation now by the character of its advertising as well.

Always known to tell the truth in its news columns and standing for the highest and best in its editorial policies, it is seen now to have the same standard as to the advertising which it receives, nothing that has the faintest suggestion of fraud being accepted.

A glance through the eight pages of this or any issue will show the absence of any patent medicine ads. and fake cure-alls. On the other hand, it will be hard to find any weekly paper whose columns will show a larger per cent of the reputable business firms of the locality.

In a lengthy article on the business of Berea, beginning on this page, will be found the names of the representative business concerns of the town, and nearly every one of these has now or has had within the last few months, a display ad. in The Citizen.

The merchants of Berea know that advertising pays, and they recognize the value of The Citizen as an advertising medium.

And The Citizen is beginning to prove itself not only a good local advertising medium, but, since it is becoming recognized as an inter-county paper, more and more it is being sought by the foreign advertiser.

Berea College A Power-House of Social and Industrial Progress

Product of Humanitarian Sentiment
Work Adapted to Social and
Economic Needs

Remarkable Growth and Prospects for
Future

College for Mountain People

In any survey of the resources of a community, made for the purpose of further progress, the Educational institutions should rightfully have a large place. They are the power-houses of industrial and social progress, because they determine the characteristics of the men and women who live in the community.

Berea College is one of the institutions of Eastern Kentucky. Located at the western edge of the mountains, it serves a population of three million people included in the mountain section of seven states. It has an equipment which renders it able to be a means of great benefit to this region.

Product of Humanitarianism

The College merits attention for several reasons. In the first place, because of its origin and the things for which it stands. Berea is the product of a splendid humanitarian spirit, and it has always enlisted the support of those who wish to give every one a chance to rise; it was founded and maintained to help those who most need help. The College had its beginning in the anti-slavery sentiment in Kentucky. It was located where it is because the people who live in the mountain section of the South were more favorable to that purpose. It did all it could to break down the system of slavery; it helped to lift up the colored man when he became free; and when the co-education of the races was prohibited by law, it was the instrument for creating a new and separate institution for him.

Berea College was a pioneer in appreciating the latent power and intrinsic merit of the people of the mountain section and its energies have been directed with increasing effectiveness to serving their interests and needs.

Founded by Kentuckians

The beginning was made by Kentuckians themselves. First in the list of notable men to whose effort Berea owes its life was Rev. John G. Fee. The son of a slaveholder of Bracken County, he early became convinced of the wrongs of slavery. Disinherited by his father, cut off from the church to which he belonged, he was dependent upon the American

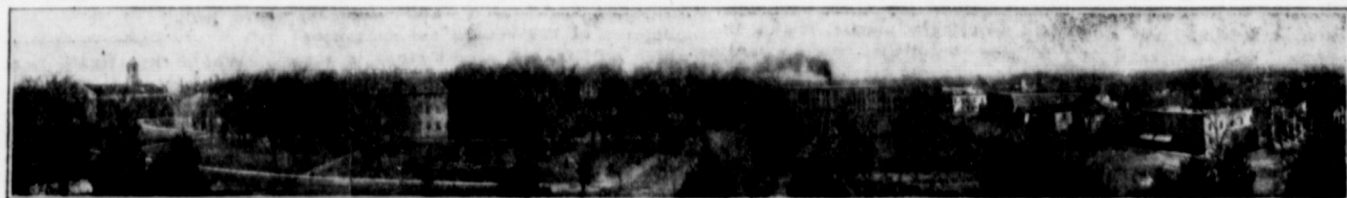
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(Continued on Page Five)



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE NORTH SIDE OF THE COLLEGE CAMPUS

The Citizen

A family newspaper for all that is right true and interesting.

Published every Thursday at Berea, Ky.

BEREA PUBLISHING CO.

(Incorporated)
J. P. Faulkner, Editor and Manager.

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Saccharine has been forbidden in food, but it may be used in kisses.

An eastern woman wants a law compelling married men to wear labels, but why rub it in?

A Chicago postoffice clerk has resigned at the age of eighty-four, after 62 years of service.

A British duchess eloped with her masseur. That is what might be termed winning a rubber.

The idea that men should walk on all fours will not appeal to the fat fellows who wear fancy vests.

The Chinese are willing to make almost any change except one—they will not tuck their shirts inside.

A glance at a baseball schedule causes one to forget, for a few minutes at least, the winter coal bills.

A scientist tells us that blackbirds carry microbes. The first robin always carries the microbe of spring.

Nothing is sacred to the barbarians of Missouri. One of their courts has decided that a barber is not an artist.

In New York the demand for horses is greater than the supply. That is calling the motor's bluff with a vengeance.

A Boston prophet announces that the coming summer will be the hottest ever. It ought to be; look at the ice it's got to melt.

A Massachusetts man named June, who was born in June, is about to marry a girl named June in June. And what so rare, etc.?

Those professors who want the college yell abolished probably figure that the average college youth's clothing makes noise enough.

An eminent medical authority declares that women don't know how to cook. Perhaps that's the reason so many of them don't try.

A suffragette umpired a game of baseball in California the other day. Thus the last sacred precinct of man's work has been invaded.

One real test of the new republic of China will come when it decides whether its Fourth of July shall be safe and sane or firecrackery.

A Kansas farmer killed two bulldogs with his bare hands, says an exchange. This probably would be a record, even if he had worn gloves.

There is a difference between a book borrower and one who borrows a toothbrush. The latter occasionally assumes you have further use for the article.

A woman in St. Louis claims that her husband allowed her only 25 cents a week. After visiting five moving picture shows, the poor woman was penniless.

A Texas woman who sent \$1.50 to the government conscience fund expressed the hope that she would go to heaven. Evidently she desires a reserved seat.

Living on \$102.50 a month is easy, according to Johnny Rockefeller, Jr. Getting \$102.50 a month is comparatively easy if one's father owns a flock of oil wells.

Those highbrows who have bottled chunks of Chicago atmosphere probably intend to use it for lampblack.

Thomas Edison says there will be no poverty 100 years from now. This may be optimism, but we can't see it.

A Texas judge adjourned court long enough to whip the man who had called him a liar, and then fined himself \$10 for contempt of court. Did he remit the fine?

The attorney general of California announces that a woman who marries an alien loses her right to vote. It behooves girls to be careful, especially during leap year.

745-"OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH"-745

New York, April 19.—Lifted from the gates of death, the 745 survivors of the Titanic were landed by the Carpathia, which rescued them two hours and a half after the great White Star steamer hurled itself against an iceberg last Sunday night.

Disfigured by calamity and misery and oppressed by awful sorrow, the women and children and the few men who escaped from the world's greatest sea disaster are in better physical condition than the most optimistic had hoped for.

Out of the great company that waited for hours in bitter cold among the grinding bergs, many of them thinly clad, many bruised and hurt by the collision which destroyed their ship, few needed the ministrations of physicians when they put their feet on land in sight of the vast crowd that had been waiting in almost unbearable uncertainty.

Survivors Well in Body.
Many, it is true, were weak and nervous and hysterical from an experience that had left the world void and empty for them. But—and thousands thanked God for it as they watched—the majority of the sad and bereaved company were well in body.

Only one of the Titanic's survivors died while the Carpathia was driving through fogs and storms to this port. Four of the Titanic's people had perished trying to get aboard the Carpathia and another Titanic passenger lost his life by the overturning of a boat. One woman, a second cabin passenger who was landed, was suffering from a broken arm.

Thirty-Nine Women Widowed.
The Carpathia reported that there were 710 saved out of a passenger list which the White Star line figured at 2,180, making a loss of 1,470 lives. The Titanic's passengers say there were 745 rescued out of a passenger list of 2,340.

The list of names furnished on the Carpathia on its arrival show 188 first class cabin passengers saved, 115 in the second cabin, 178 third class, and 206 of the crew, a total of 687 saved. A woman passenger on the Carpathia heard from the ship's doctor that 495 of the passengers and 210 of the crew had been saved and that 39 women lost their husbands. Six of these were brides.

The world's annals has provided few more intense and dramatic moments than when all that was left of the great company that sailed so gayly on the Titanic appeared on the Cunard pier.

Tragedy in Their Faces.
The tragedy of the Titanic was written on the faces of nearly all of her survivors. Some, it is true, who were saved with their families, could not repress the joy and thankfulness that filled their hearts, but they were few compared to the number of the rescued. These others bore the impress of their time of darkness when their people passed in an accident that seemed like an insane vision of the night. Their faces were swollen with weeping. They had drunk as deeply of sorrow as is ever given to human kind.

But many, whose spirits were fainting from despair, walked firmly enough down the gang plank. Some walked unseeing in a kind of dreadful somnambulism of despair.

Officers Shoot Men Down.
It was with difficulty that the tongues of many were loosened to speak of the scenes of agony and fear that fell over the Titanic's peaceful company when it became swiftly known that the ship must go down.

Some told haltingly, with dread still frozen in their eyes, of men who strove and struggled against women for the lifeboats and of officers shooting them down. One woman saw an officer shoot two men, she said, and other passengers recalled how officers had stood with drawn pistols while the women and children were being guided into the boats.

No one seemed to know the exact fate of the Titanic's captain, E. J. Smith. There was a story that he had committed suicide, but the Titanic's passengers did not know that was true. Many of them had heard shots fired. They believed some of the firing was done to warn back steering passengers.

Praise for Titanic's Crew.
For the Titanic's officers and crew the rescued seemed to have nothing but praise. These men acted calmly and coolly in the face of certain foundering, was the report brought here by the rescued.

The unhappy company so marvelously torn from the grip of the sea was received solemnly and with remarkable quiet by the enormous crowd which gathered near the Cunard piers and by the few hundreds that penetrated by right of relation or friendship or merciful business to the interior of the pier.

There was no cheering, no upraising of voices in salute of the living, for the thought of the dead was in the minds of all onlookers. The depression of death was on the waiting men and women.

Quiet in Glad Greeting.
Those who found their gladdest hopes realized and looked through the press to make out the well known face of husbands and fathers and sisters and wives, could not conceal their tremendous elation through thankfulness that all suspense and disheartening conjecture was over. But they greeted their rescued ones quietly, for the most part, with a thought ever present for the overbur-

Survivors of Wreck of Titanic Are Landed in New York.

TELL TALE OF AWFUL TRAGEDY

Passengers and Crew Display Marked Heroism in Hour of Great Trial.

MONSTER SHIP TORN ASUNDER

Strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" Are Last Sounds Heard by Passengers Awaiting Doom—Ripped by Iceberg, Ice Flood Explodes Liner's Boilers and Tears Ship in Two—Harrowing Scenes as Wives Are Torn From Husbands and Forced Into Lifeboats—Only One Person Taken From Wreck Dies on Way to New York.

dened hearts of the many who had been bereaved.

So cleanly were the police arrangements at the pier carried out that there was no surging of crowds, no bustling and bailing of the Titanic's survivors.

The pier was crowded with representatives of relief organizations with ambulances, surgeons from the hospitals, with sisters of charity, nurses, doctors—all those who could be of help in alleviating distress or suffering.

Presently the Cunarder was laid alongside and the gangplanks lowered, and then there came in an incessant stream the hundreds who had come alive from the most awful disaster in marine history.

Tell Tale of Horror.

From a score of passengers came the story of their awful experience. The great liner was plunging through a comparatively placid sea on the surface of which there was much mushy ice and here and there a number of comparatively harmless looking floes. The night was clear and stars visible. Chief Officer Murdoch was in charge of the bridge.

The first intimation of the presence of the iceberg that he received was from the lookout in the crow's nest. They were so close upon the berg at this moment that it was practically impossible to avoid a collision with it.

The first officer did what other unstartled and alert commanders would have done under similar circumstances—that is, he made an effort by going full speed ahead on his starboard propeller and reversing his port propeller, simultaneously throwing his helm over, to make a rapid turn and clear the berg.

Rips Bottom Open.

These maneuvers were not successful. He succeeded in preventing his bow from crashing into the ice cliff, but nearly the entire length of the great ship on the starboard side was ripped.

The speed of the Titanic, estimated to be at least 21 knots, was so terrific that the knife-like edge of the iceberg's spur protruding under the sea cut through her like a can opener.

The shock was almost imperceptible. The first officer did not apparently realize that the great ship had received its death wound and none of the passengers it is believed had the slightest suspicion that anything more than a usual minor accident had happened. Hundreds who had gone to their berths and were asleep were not awakened by the vibration.

Return to Card Game.

To illustrate the placidity with which practically all the men regarded the accident it is related that four were in the smoking room playing bridge, calmly got up from the table, and after walking on deck and looking over the rail, returned to their game. One of them had left his cigar on the card table, and while the three others were gazing out on the sea he remarked that he couldn't afford to lose his smoke, returned for his cigar, and came out again.

The four remained only a few moments on deck. They resumed their game under the impression that the ship had stopped for reasons best known to the commander and not involving any danger to her. The tendency of the whole ship's company except the men in the engine department, who were made aware of the danger by the rushing water, was to make light of it and in some instances even to ridicule the thought of danger to so substantial a fabric.

Slow to Realize Peril.

Within a few minutes stewards and other members of the crew were sent round to arouse the people. Some utterly refused to get up. The stewards had almost to force the doors of the staterooms to make the somnolent appreciate their peril.

Mr. and Mrs. Astor were in their room and saw the ice vision flash by. They had not appreciably felt the

gentle shock and supposed then nothing out of the ordinary had happened. They were both dressed and came on deck leisurely.

It was not until the ship began to take a heavy list to starboard that a tremor of fear pervaded it.

Launch Boats Safely.

The crew had been called to clear away the lifeboats of which there were 20, of which four were collapsible. The boats that were lowered on the port side of the ship touched the water without capsizing. Some of the others lowered to starboard, including one collapsible, were capsized. All hands on the collapsible boats that practically went to pieces were rescued by the other boats.

Sixteen boats in all got away safely. It was even then the general impression that the ship was all right and there is no doubt that that was the belief of even some of the officers.

At the lowering of the boats the officers superintending it were armed with revolvers, but there was no necessity for using them as there was nothing in the nature of a panic and no man made an effort to get into a boat while the women and children were being put aboard.

As the ship began to settle to starboard, heeling at an angle of nearly 45 degrees, those who had believed it was all right to stick by the ship began to have doubt and a few jumped into the sea. These were followed immediately by others and in a few minutes there were scores swimming around. Nearly all of them wore life preservers.

One man who had a Pomeranian dog leaped overboard with it and striking a piece of wreckage was badly stunned. He recovered after a few minutes and swam toward one of the lifeboats and was taken aboard. Most of the men who were aboard the Carpathia, barring the members of the crew who had manned the boats, had jumped into the sea as the Titanic was settling.

Ship Breaks in Two.

Under instructions from officers and men in charge of lifeboats were rowed a considerable distance from the ship herself in order to get away from the possible suction that would follow the foundering. The marvelous thing about the disappearance was so little suction as to be hardly appreciable from the point where the boats were floating.

There was ample time to launch all boats before the Titanic went down, as it was two hours and twenty minutes afloat.

So confident were all hands that she had not sustained a mortal wound that it was not until 12:15 a. m., or 35 minutes after the berg was encountered, that the boats were lowered. Hundreds of the crew and a large majority of the officers, including Capt. Smith, stuck to the ship to the last.

It was evident after there were several explosions, which doubtless were the boilers blowing up, that she had but a few minutes more of life.

The ship broke in half amidships and almost simultaneously the after half and the forward half sank, the forward half vanishing bow first and the other half stern first.

John Jacob Astor stood on deck and fought off man after man until his wife was in a lifeboat. Then he remained on the deck to the last.

Many of the survivors assert positively that not a woman was to be seen on any of the decks at the time the officers of the Titanic gave the word for the men to enter the lifeboats. It is therefore believed many of those who lost their lives must have been killed in their cabins, as the survivors also say that every one had ample time to dress.

BODIES AT BOTTOM OF SEA

Prof. R. W. Wood Says There Was No Stopping on Downward Course.

Baltimore, Md., April 19.—"The bodies of the victims of the Titanic are at the bottom of the deep never to leave it," declared Prof. Robert W. Wood of the chair of experimental physics of Johns Hopkins university. "It is unlikely that any of the corpses will ever return to the surface, as is the case with bodies drowned in shallow water."

"At the depth of two miles the pressure of the water is something like 6,000 pounds to the square inch, which is far too great to be overcome by buoyancy ordinarily given drowned bodies by the gases generated in time."

"That the bodies sank to the bottom of the sea there is no question," he continued. "The Titanic's victims who were not carried down with the boat followed until the very bottom of the sea was reached. There was no such thing as their stopping in their downward course a half mile or a mile or at any other point."

Senate Opens Titanic Quiz.

Washington, April 19.—Bearing subpoenas for certain persons aboard the Carpathia, whose names were not disclosed, Senator Smith of Michigan, Newlands of Nevada and Bourne, members of the senate subcommittee which will take the first steps in the congressional investigation of the Titanic disaster, are in New York today and will subpoena every one on the Carpathia who might throw any light upon the causes of the catastrophe.

TWO CAMPS BATTLE

ILLINOIS DEMOCRATS CANNOT AGREE AND ELECT TWO SETS OF DELEGATES.

BALTIMORE MEET TO DECIDE

Sullivanites and Harrisonites War to Control Delegation to National Convention at Peoria—"Regulars" Hit at Chicago's Mayor.

Peoria, Ill., April 22.—National Committeeman Roger C. Sullivan and Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago, refusing each suggested basis of compromise last Friday, continued their bitter fight for control of the Illinois Democratic state conventions and naming two sets of delegates from Cook county and the state at large to the Democratic national convention.

There was selected only one set of down state delegates, however, and the credentials committee at Baltimore will be asked to rule on the Cook county and state at large delegations only.

The Sullivan convention named a complete list of delegates, but the Harrison convention did not have a sufficient attendance of down state delegates to warrant such action.

Sullivan leaders declared Mayor Harrison had read himself out of the Democratic court by his refusal to enter the Coliseum or Sullivan convention and that as a result the Chicago executive would have no standing at Baltimore.

The Harrison men, however, expressed confidence they would be given a hearing on the Cook county and state at large situation by the Democratic national convention and that they expected Sullivan's apparent strength would be considerably diminished at that time.

Summarized results show 30 of the regular number of delegates to the national convention have been selected from 15 down state districts. Forty, or twice the regular number of delegates, have been named from ten Cook county districts and 24, or three times the usual allotment of delegates at large, are scheduled to go to Baltimore.

This last was due to the fact the Sullivan convention named 16 delegates at large with a vote of one-half each, while the Harrison men named only eight delegates at large, each with a full vote in the national convention.

The two conventions dragged through the day and into the night, while various conference committees from the Harrison and Sullivan sides discussed possible compromises.

Finally word was passed there was no chance of an agreement, and then the two conventions closed their work in rapid fire order.

The platform adopted by J. Hamilton Lewis and others of Chicago was adopted in both conventions. The platform pledged the delegates to support Speaker Champ Clark and the other candidates nominated in the recent state primaries.

The "regular" delegation met at the Hotel Jefferson and elected Charles Boeschstein of Edwardsville as Democratic national committeeman of Illinois, to succeed Roger C. Sullivan, who voluntarily relinquished the honor.

NAME 8 FOR THE COLONEL

Illinois Republican State Convention Instructs National Convention Delegates for Roosevelt.

Springfield, Ill., April 22.—Deliberately repudiating the initiative and referendum, heretofore a favored portion of the platform, the Republican state convention gathered here to name eight delegates to the national convention threw surprise and consternation into those members of the party who had worked earnestly for the plank and confidently believed that it would be accepted.

The convention met and elected delegates at large to the Chicago convention, who will go instructed for Theodore Roosevelt.

The delegates at large who go to the Republican convention in Chicago are: Gov. Charles S. Deneen, Chicago; Roy O. West, Chicago; B. A. Eckhart, Chicago; Col. Chauncey Deway, Chicago; L. Y. Sherman, Springfield; R. D. Clark, Peoria; L. L. Emmerson, Mount Vernon; Walter A. Rosenfeld, Rock Island.

The alternates at large are: W. L. Sackett, Morris; Henry H. Dunlop, Champaign; C. H. Williamson, Quincy; John R. Robertson, Jacksonville; Anton Vanek, Chicago; Walter S. Schrojda, Chicago; G. K. Schmidt, Chicago; Col. J. R. Marshall, Chicago.

Tibetans to Ask Independence.

Peking, China, April 22.—Lin Yu, Chinese representative at Lassa, telegraphed last Friday to President Yuan Shi Kai that the Tibetans intend to ask Britain to assist them in securing their independence.

Fire in Auto Shop Hurts Three.

Duluth, Minn., April 22.—Fire starting in the basement workshop of the Cadillac Automobile company here last Friday has caused a loss of between \$30,000 and \$40,000 and injured three people.

Would Investigate Lead Trust.

Washington, April 22.—A congressional investigation of a so-called pig lead and zinc trust is proposed by a resolution introduced by Representative Patrick of Ohio in the house last Friday.

BOATS CRASH IN FOG

TEN MEN LOSE THEIR LIVES IN HEAD-ON COLLISION OFF GALVESTON BAR.

Freight Steamer El Sud and Passenger Boat Denver Furnish Another Tragedy of the Sea.

Galveston, Tex.—The freight steamer El Sud, of the Southern Pacific line, and the passenger boat Denver, of the Mallory line, crashed together in a dense fog off Galveston bar. Ten lives were lost, those of deckhands who were knocked overboard. One deckhand of the El Sud was badly hurt.

The crash occurred 15 miles from the Bolivar light. For a time it was feared that El Sud would sink. Down at the bow El Sud raced for shore and was beached on Galveston bar. She was saved from sinking by her forward bulkhead having withstood the inrush of the sea as the bow plates were ripped off.

There were 100 passengers on the Denver and a crew of 70. There was a wild rush for life preservers and the life boats of the Denver after the crash, but Capt. Charles F. Staples and First Officer Lamb succeeded in quieting the excited men. The dense fog alone is responsible for the crash.

EXPLOSION IN COAL SHAFT

Shakes Madisonville—Five Men Believed To Be Dead, 200 Feet Underground.

Madisonville, Ky.—A terrific explosion in the Coal coal mine, located at the outskirts of Madisonville, snuffed out the lives of Foreman Joseph Halliwell and four negroes.

The force of the explosion shook the city, and persons living near the mines immediately noticed smoke arising from the shaft.

The men were supposed to be at the bottom of the shaft, 200 feet below the surface of the ground.

The explosion is attributed to gases. One of the cages was blown out by the force of the explosion.

W. D. Coil, owner of the Sunset mine, near here, is proprietor of the mine, which was opened only about six months ago.

Butt's Last Conference.

New York.—Monsignor Giovanni Bonzano, the newly appointed Apostolic delegate to America, who has arrived in New York, was known to have been the last man to be in official consultation with Major Archibald Butt, the president's aid. The man who died like a hero on the Titanic was bearing an important message from Pope Pius X to President Taft.

Feared Robbers Killed Brother.

Sadleville, Ky.—At Long Lick, six miles west of here, Jerry Southworth shot and instantly killed his brother Isaac, 18 years old. He heard some one trying to get in the house and shot from a window. When he opened the door at daylight he found his brother dead, with the top of his head shot off.

CINCINNATI MARKETS

Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.12@1.14, No. 3 red \$1.07@1.10, No. 4 red \$1.03@1.04.

Corn—No. 2 white \$1.04@1.05, No. 3 white \$1.02@1.03, No. 4 white \$1.01@1.02, No. 2 yellow \$1.03@1.04, No. 3 yellow \$1.01@1.02, No. 4 yellow \$1.00@1.01, mixed \$1.02@1.03, No. 3 mixed \$1.01@1.02, No. 4 mixed \$1.00@1.01, mixed ear \$1.01@1.02, yellow ear \$1.00@1.01, white ear \$1.00@1.01.

Oats—No. 2 white \$0.60@0.61, standard white \$0.60@0.61, No. 3 white \$0.59@0.60, No. 3 mixed \$0.59@0.60, No. 4 mixed \$0.58@0.59.

Hay—No. 1 timothy \$20.50@31, No. 2 timothy \$20.25@29.50, No. 3 timothy \$20.00@28, No. 1 clover mixed \$27.25@28.50, No. 2 clover mixed \$27.75@28, No. 1 clover \$27.25@27.50, No. 2 clover \$27.25@28.

Cattle—Active at steady and strong prices. Shippers \$5.75@7.25, choice to extra \$7.35@7.60; butcher steers, extra \$6.75@7.15, good to choice \$6.50@6.60, common to fair \$4.50@5.50; heifers, extra \$6.75@7, good to choice \$5.75@6.65, common to fair \$3.50@5.50; cows, extra \$5.60@5.85, good to choice \$4.75@5.50, common to fair \$2.25@4.50; canners \$2@3.

Bulls—Strong. Bologna \$1.75@5, extra \$5.75, fat bulls \$5.50@6.

Calves—Opened strong, 25c higher; closing slow and advance mostly lost. Extra \$8@8.25, fair to good \$6.50@8, common and large \$4@7.50.

Hogs—Opened steady; closing weak to be lower. Heavy hogs \$8.25@8.30, good to choice packers and butchers \$8.20@8.30, mixed packers \$8.10@8.25, stags \$4@4.10, common to choice heavy fat sows \$5.25@7.40, extra \$7.50, light shippers \$5.50@7.60; pigs (110 lbs and less) \$5@6.40.

Sheep—Steady. Extra \$5.25, good to choice \$4.75@5.5, common to fair \$2.50@4.50.

Lambs—Steady. Extra \$7.15@7.20, good to choice \$6.55@7.10, common to fair \$5.50@6.50, yearlings \$5.50@6.25, spring lambs \$8@13.

Former Chinese Diplomat Dies.

Hartford, Ct.—Dr. Yung Wing, 84 years old, who some years ago

CARPATHIA THE HEARSE OF SEA

Passengers Say Captain Smith And the Chief Engineer Killed Themselves

SIX REFUGES SUCCUMBED

Three Explosions in Boiler Room as Vessel Filled Added to Panic—Big Liner's Side Ripped By Iceberg as if a Gigantic Knife Had Been Hit—Major Butt Believed to Have Felled 12 Men Before He Himself If Felled.

New York.—Freighted with her agony of woe, disaster and death, bringing glad reunion to some but misery unutterable to many, the Carpathia, with the survivors of the lost Titanic aboard, came back to a grief-stricken city and nation.

The story she brought home was one to crush the heart with its pathos, but at the same time to thrill it with pride in the manly and womanly fortitude displayed in the face of the most awful peril and inevitable death.

When the great liner went down it took with her to death all but 745 of her human cargo of 2,340 souls.

Six Die After Being Rescued.

To this awful death list six persons were added. One died in a lifeboat, which was put off from the liner's side, and five subsequently succumbed on the rescue ship Carpathia.

The list of prominent men missing stands as previously reported, and the total death list as brought to port by the Carpathia is 1,601.

As the Titanic sank, according to the story of those who were among the last to leave her wounded hulk, Capt. Smith stood to his post, calm, resolute, efficient to the last, and when all that mortal man could do for the 2,000 lives intrusted to his care he raised his revolver and shot himself while standing on the bridge.

The chief engineer is also reported to have taken his life, and three Italians are said to have been shot in the struggle for the boats.

Butt Said to Have Killed Twelve.

It was reported to the White House that Major Butt killed 12 men who were scrambling for the boats before he himself was killed by the crazed passengers.

The passengers who told the story of the captain's end said that he made two attempts upon his life before he succeeded, fellow officers wrestling his weapon from his hand the first time as he stood in the ship's library. He then broke away and, standing at his post on the bridge, discharged the revolver into his mouth.

Henry B. Harris, theatrical manager of this city, was one of the men who showed superb courage in the crisis. When the lifeboats were first being filled, and before there was any panic or extraordinary excitement, he had been assisted into one of them at the side of his wife before the boat was lowered away.

"Women first!" shouted one of the ship's officers. Mr. Harris glanced up and saw that the remark was addressed to him.

Goes Back to Meet Death.

"All right," he replied coolly. "Good-by, my dear," he said as he kissed his wife, pressed her a moment to his breast and then climbed back to the Titanic's deck.

The night was clear and the majestic ship was steaming, it is said, at twenty-one knots when she struck the iceberg that sent her to the ocean bottom 2,000 fathoms deep. Her hull rose on a shelf of the berg, just as has been surmised, and in so doing and in the subsequent recoil her bottom plates and her port side were badly torn and shattered, but there was no such terrific shock from the impact as might have been supposed, according to the evidence.

The captain and officers at once reassured the passengers, believing that there was no immediate danger.

Return to Their Staterooms.

Under his encouragement many of them went back to their staterooms, and not a few calmly returned to their berths. That is said to account for the fact that many of the women were not even on deck when the imminence of their danger was realized, and scores of them were drowned in their staterooms like rats in a trap.

About one hour before the ship plunged to the bottom there were three separate explosions from the boiler room as the vessel filled. These were at intervals of about 15 minutes. Until then there had been no panic and but little disorder. From that moment, however, there was a different scene. The rush for the remaining boats became a stampede.

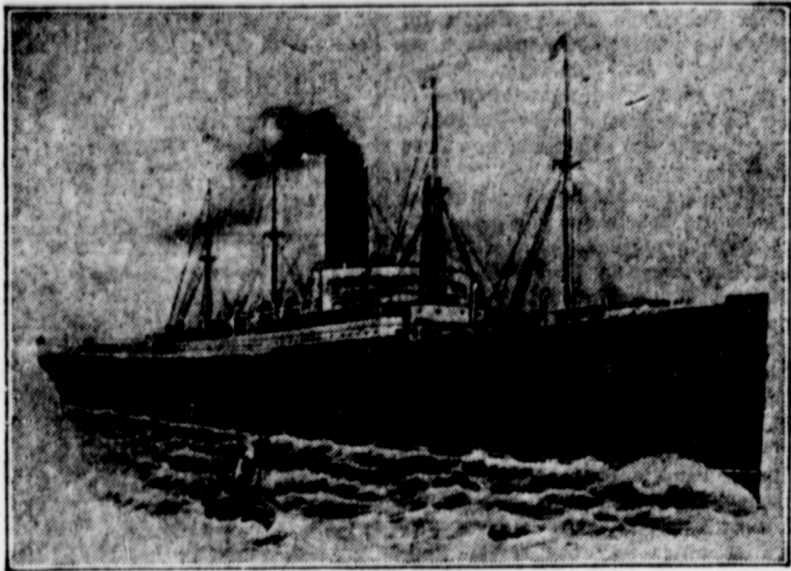
The officers had to assert their authority by force, and the three Italians from the steerage who had tried to force their way in among the women were shot down without mercy.

Practically every woman and child, with the exception of those who refused to leave their husbands, were saved. Among these last was Mrs. Isidor Straus.

HALF-MAST FLAGS, PRESIDENT ORDERS.

Washington.—The tribute of a sorrowing nation will be paid to those who went to their death on the Titanic. President Taft issued a proclamation ordering flags at half-mast throughout this country, its insular possessions and on all vessels flying the national emblem.

LINER THAT RESCUED TITANIC SURVIVORS



LATE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CARPATHIA, THE VESSEL THAT PICKED UP THIRTEEN LIFEBOATS CARRYING 475 REFUGEES FROM THE TITANIC.

BODIES OF VICTIMS

WIRELESS REPORTS THAT MANY BODIES MAY BE RECOVERED AND IDENTIFIED.

Better News Than Friends Had Dared To Hope For Comes From Ships At Scene of Disaster.

New York.—The hope cherished by many of the families and friends of the victims of the Titanic disaster that they may be able to give Christian burial on land to the beloved dead may be fulfilled to a greater extent than has been anticipated.

From the scene of the wreck of the Titanic came the news by wireless that 64 bodies of victims have been recovered and are now on board the cable ship Mackay-Bennett, which is searching the entire region where the catastrophe occurred.

Dispatches were meager, but it was indicated that the 64 bodies are possible of identification. Others, the messages say, were found impossible of identification and preservation, and again were sunk into the deep. If there could be a cheerful note in a tragedy so overwhelming this is it. Most of the persons with relatives on board the vessel hardly dared to hope that the sea which engulfed the great steamship ever would give up its victims.

Word of the finding of the bodies was flashed to various parts of the country and persons in many cities sent messages to the cable ship in the hope of learning that bodies of their kindred had been found.

Confirmation of rumors that numerous bodies of victims of the Titanic were afloat in the vicinity of the disaster was received in a wireless dispatch from the steamship Bremen via the Sable Island and Camperdown wireless stations.

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WIDOWED BY TRAGEDY.

Huntington, W. Va.—Two months ago Mrs. Mary Eloise Smith, daughter of Congressman James A. Hughes, left Huntington as the happy bride of Lucian Smith, a wealthy young man of Morgantown, W. Va., following a wedding that was one of the most elaborate social functions of the year in West Virginia. Mrs. Smith returned to her home here, accompanied by her father and mother and other relatives, the young widow of Lucian Smith, who went to his death as a hero in the greatest maritime disaster in history.

SURVIVORS OF WRECK.

First class 210
Second class 125
Third class 200
Officers and crew 204

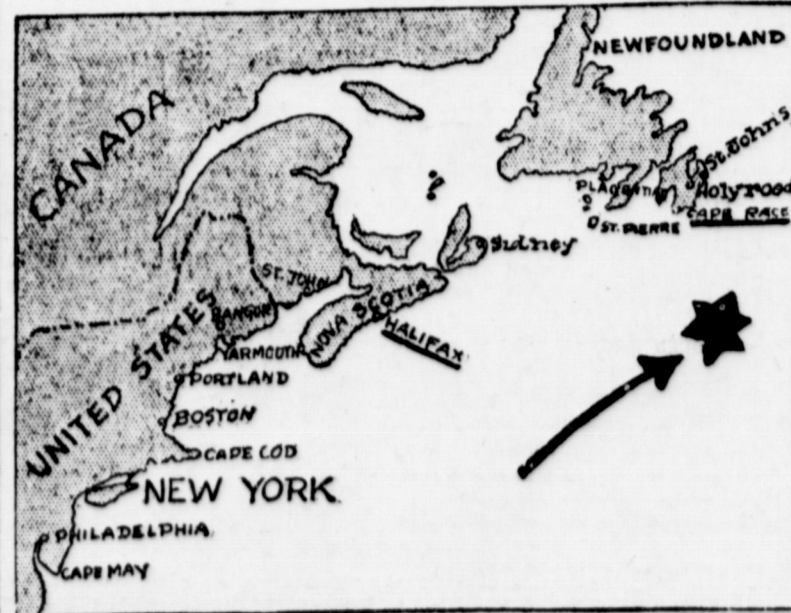
Total of the saved 745
Of the members of the crew saved, four were officers, 39 seamen, 96 stewards and 71 firemen.

LOST ON TITANIC.

First class 120
Second class 195
Third class 550
Officers and crew 736

Totals 1,601

SCENE OF OCEAN DISASTER



WHERE THE TITANIC MET HER FATE.

WIFE'S DEEP DEVOTION

SEEN IN CONDUCT OF MRS. ISIDOR STRAUS, WHO PERISHED WITH HUSBAND.

John Jacob Astor, Major Archibald Butt, Henry B. Harris and innumerable Others Exhibit Heroic Conduct.

By Mrs. Churchill Candee, of Washington.

New York.—The action of the men on the Titanic was noble. They stood back in every instance that I noticed and gave the women and children the first chance to get away safely.

Particularly heroic was the conduct of Isidor Straus, Major Archibald Butt, John Jacob Astor and Henry B. Harris.

They formed a group. Most of the passengers were on the stern of the Titanic, for the leak was forward, and it was known that if she sank it would be bow first.

An officer of the Titanic ordered Mrs. Straus into a boat. She said: "I will not leave my husband. We've been together all these years and I'll not leave him now."

It brought tears to our eyes to witness her great devotion for her husband.

Mr. Harris insisted that his wife get into a lifeboat. She refused at first, but was finally forced into the boat.

As we put away I observed Mrs. Straus waving her handkerchief at us. The Titanic was then settling. Her stern was out of the water and she was going down bow first. There must have been 1,400 persons gathered together on the stern.

I saw Col. Astor helping get the women and children into the boats. Then he went below, remaining there several minutes. I believe he was searching for more women and children.

Finally he came back again. He was on deck when the Titanic sank. I believe, for when I last saw him he was still aiding in the work of rescue.

Major Butt was one of God's noblest. I saw him working desperately to get the women and children into boats.

What need can there be of recounting the heroic deeds performed by these men who remained on the Titanic? To dwell upon them only sickens the heart, with the realization of how they perished.

SAVED BY AN ANKLE.

New York.—J. Pierpont Morgan's star of good luck was still in the ascendant in the 75th year of his life, for the banker had thought earlier in the year to return to America on the ill-fated Titanic.

Henry Clay Frick, in February, had engaged a suite on the Titanic, but Mrs. Frick sprained her ankle when the Adriatic stopped at Madeira and went to a hospital in Naples.

Mr. Morgan took over Mr. Frick's bookings. Then Mr. Morgan decided to lengthen his stay abroad, and passed the reservation over to J. Horace Harding, a banker. Mr. Harding was obliged to take an earlier boat and sailed last Saturday.

SURVIVORS TELL OF FIGHT IN SEA

Peril Not Known to Passengers Until Long After Titanic Struck.

WOMEN SENT OFF FIRST

Men in Small Boats Try to Sing to Drown Out Cries of the Perishing—Heartrending Scenes Attending Disaster Are Dramatically Described.

New York, April 19.—The stories of the survivors of the Titanic are all practically agreed on one thing, that the passengers on the liner did not realize their peril until long after the vessel struck.

A Mr. Chambers, one of the survivors, had this to say:

"The Titanic struck the iceberg head-on. The passengers ran out, but, believing that the ship could not sink and being assured by the officers, again went back to their staterooms. After about two hours the alarm was sent out and the passengers started to enter the lifeboats. There was nothing like panic at first, as all believed that there were plenty of lifeboats to go around."

After the lifeboat in which Mr. Chambers was had gone about 400 yards from the ship, those in it saw the Titanic begin to settle quickly and there was a rush for the remaining lifeboats. One was swamped.

The great ship sank slowly by its head and no suction was felt by the boat in which Mr. Chambers was.

Tells Scene at Rescue.

A passenger aboard the rescue ship Carpathia, Miss Sue Eva Rule, a sister of Judge Virgil Rule of St. Louis, detailed the thrilling scenes which marked the rescue of the survivors of the greatest marine tragedy of the age.

"Unknown to the sleeping passengers, the ship turned abruptly to the north. None knew of the sudden change of course and the first intimation anybody got of the fact that anything unusual was about to take place was the order given the steward to prepare breakfast for 3,000."

"The tidings ran through the ship like wildfire and long before the Cunarder had come within the scene of the tragedy we were all on deck."

Sight First of Boats.

"Just as day broke a tiny craft was sighted rowing towards us and as it came closer we saw women huddled together, the stronger ones manning the oars. The first to come aboard was a nurse maid, who had wrapped in a coat an eleven-months-old baby, the only one of a family of five persons to be rescued."

"The men and women both seemed dazed. Most of them were almost perished with the cold and some of them who had been literally thrown into the lifeboats perished from exposure."

"One of the most harrowing scenes I ever saw was the service of thanksgiving and followed by the prayers for the dead which followed the naming of the little band of survivors which took place in the dining saloon of the Carpathia. The moans of the women and the cries of little children as their loss was brought home to them were heartrending. The hope that by some means their beloved ones would be saved never left the survivors."

Survivors in Strange Dress.

"How those who were saved survived the exposure is a miracle. One woman came aboard devoid of underwear, a Turkish towel wrapped about her waist serving as a corset, while a magnificent evening wrap was her only protection."

"Women in evening frocks and white satin slippers and children wrapped in steamer rugs were ordinary sights and very soon the passengers themselves were almost in as bad a plight as the rescued. Trunks were unpacked and clothing distributed right and left. Finally the steamer rugs were ripped apart and sewed into impromptu garments."

"My first view of the first boat sighted led me to think we were picking up the crew of a dirigible. Back of the boat loomed in the shadowy dawn the huge iceberg which had sent the Titanic to the bottom. The lifeboat looked like the usual boat which swings from a balloon."

Women Discuss Scenes.

"After an hour or so of rest the only relief the women who had been literally torn from their husbands seemed to have was in discussing the last scenes. Shooting was heard by many in the lifeboats just before the ship took its final plunge and sunk from sight, and the opinion of many was that the men rather than drown shot themselves."

"Mrs. Astor, who was one of the first to come aboard, was taken at once to the captain's room. Others were distributed among the cabins, the Carpathia's passengers sleeping on the floors of the saloons, in the bathrooms and on the tables throughout the ship in order to let the survivors of the wreck have as much comfort as the ship afforded."

"One woman came aboard with a six-months' baby she had never seen until the moment it was thrust into her arms as she swung into the lifeboat. Nothing could equal the gen-

erosity and helpfulness of the Carpathia's passengers."

Doubted Word at First.

Mrs. Louis Mansfield Ogden of Manhattan described how she felt when she heard the Carpathia's whistle sounding early in the morning. Mrs. Ogden asked her husband if there was a fog. Mr. Ogden had left the stateroom, however, and did not explain until some ten minutes later. The ship had then slowed down perceptibly, and Mrs. Ogden was pretty nervous.

Then her husband returned and told her that there had been a great accident and that the Carpathia was going to help.

"The passengers are asked to keep to their rooms," he said. "There isn't any need of being frightened. There's been no fire on our boat, but there has been an accident to the Titanic."

Mrs. Ogden thought that an accident to the Titanic was quite too ridiculous to think of and in that she shared the impression which, so she learned afterward, was current upon the Titanic after the latter had struck. Mrs. Ogden dressed hastily and went on deck.

Boats Filled With Survivors.

"I saw there on the bosom of the ocean," she said, "a boat full of women and children. I suppose there must have been sailors there, too, but I did not see them. There were only one or two women in evening dress, but most of them were clad in fur coats over their kimonos or nightgowns. They had on their evening slippers and silk stockings. Some of them wore hats."

"Far in the distance were two or three other black specks which we made out also to be boats. As daylight grew we made out more and more boats, three on one side of our ship and five on the other. Still later we picked up more."

"Here and there on the ocean's surface among the field of ice were bits of wreckage from the broken Titanic, and there were in sight many bergs eighty and ninety feet high. The passengers of the Titanic were taken aboard the Carpathia boatload by boatload up sea ladders."

Most Women Hoisted Aboard.

"The women, most of them, were hoisted to the decks of the Carpathia in swings, but a few were hardly enough to climb aboard by the sea ladders. The ocean all this time was calm as a lake and it was not a difficult task to take the excess passengers aboard."

"Some of the women helped out in the rowing in the lifeboats themselves."

Jumped Into a Small Boat.

Abraham Hyman, a steerage passenger from Manchester, England, won his safety by leaving the steerage and going into the first cabin. "I got alongside of a boat," he said, "and they lowered it, full of passengers. I just crowded in beside the men at the tiller. They could have taken 15 more people in our boat. There was no commotion in the first cabin. I heard that a man was shot in a panic in the steerage. When our boat got into the water it drifted under the exhaust of the Titanic and we were nearly swamped. We rowed off for about half a mile and then saw the lights on the Titanic sink gradually out of sight. As the boat sank the lights went down, one after another."

Hyman said he heard of one man who had been sitting on a pile of deck chairs when the last explosion came who was blown off with the deck chairs. The man was found in the ocean on the deck chairs.

Boiler Blast Split Vessel.

Mrs. E. W. Carter left the Carpathia terribly shaken by her experience. She was met at the pier by Albert H. Ashforth. Mrs. Carter could not talk of the collision and the wreck, but Mr. Ashforth said that what had impressed her was the last boiler explosion.

"Mrs. Carter said that the shock of the collision was nothing," said Mr. Ashforth, "but the last boiler explosion tore the ship to pieces. She was in the last boat off."

What impressed Z. Taylor of Philadelphia most was the lack of excitement when the ship struck. He said he was on deck when the Titanic hit the iceberg and that he did not see any iceberg and did not think that anybody else did. Mr. Taylor said that he saw Mr. Ismay get into a boat fifteen minutes before the Titanic sank.

"Then came an officer," said Mr. Taylor, "and said: 'This boat is for women only,' and Mr. Ismay got out without raising any disturbance."

MISTAKEN FOR WOMAN; SAVED

Councilman Sloper of Boston Is Forced Into Lifeboat and Is Rescued From Death.

Hartford, Conn., April 19.—Resolved to die after having done his utmost to aid in placing the women and children of the Titanic aboard the lifeboats, Councilman William T. Sloper, clad in a white nightgown, was himself taken for a woman and thrust into one of the last lifeboats lowered away.

His father, Senator Andrew J. Sloper of New Britain, received a message telling of his son's rescue and departed at once for New York.

Stockgrowers Elect Officers.

Miles City, Mont., April 19.—At the closing session of the Montana Stock Growers' association the following officers were elected: President, Kenneth McLean of Miles City; vice presidents, Charles O'Donnell of Billings and N. J. Humphrey of Hiley; secretary and treasurer, W. D. Raymond of Helena.

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Department of Berea College

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BEREA, KY.

THE Berea Hospital

Nurse Training School of Berea College

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BEREA, KY.

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Q Mr. Merchant—You say you've got it all. You're selling them all they'll buy, anyhow. But at the same time you would like more business.

Q Make this community buy more.

Q Advertise strongly, consistently, judiciously.

Q Suppose you can buy a lot of washtubs cheap; advertise a big washtub sale in this paper. Put in an inviting picture of a washtub where people can see it the minute they look at your ad. Talk strong on washtubs. And you'll find every woman in this vicinity who has been getting along with a rickety washtub for years and years will buy a new one from you.

Q That's creative business power.

OUR AD. RATES ARE RIGHT—CALL ON US

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TRADE MORAL—The quality of what you have to sell is known to come people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but advertise regularly with us and you'll reach all of the people all of the time.

LOCAL PAGE

NEWS OF BERE A AND VICINITY, GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

DR. BEST,
DENTISTCITY PHONE 153
Office over Berea Bank & Trust Co.**DAN H. BRECK**Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock
INSURANCE

Will sign your bond.

Phone 505 Richmond, Ky.

T. J. COYLE

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Will practice in Madison and
adjoining counties.

Office in Berea National Bank

L. & N. TIME TABLE.**North Bound Local**

Knoxville	7:00 a. m.	10:56 p. m.
Berea	1:04 p. m.	3:52 a. m.
Cincinnati	6:30 p. m.	7:45 a. m.

South Bound Local

Cincinnati	6:30 a. m.	8:15 p. m.
Berea	12:34 p. m.	12:33 a. m.
Knoxville	6:55 p. m.	5:50 a. m.

Express Trains

Stop to take on and let off passengers from beyond Dayton, O., or from Atlanta and beyond.

South Bound

Cincinnati	8:00 a. m.
Berea	11:44 a. m.

North Bound

Berea	4:46 p. m.
Cincinnati	8:37 p. m.

Miss Addie C. Cornell of Worcester, Mass., who has been visiting various schools in the south, especially the A. M. A. schools, is visiting Berea College and is spending several days with her sister, Mrs. C. B. Lindsley.

Mr. Samuel W. Grathwohl writes to friends from Salem, Oregon.

Mr. T. J. Rice of Richmond visited relatives, Mrs. E. B. Wilson's family, Sunday.

Seed corn at Welch's.

Mr. Dick Moore was in Richmond, Tuesday, on business.

Mrs. Hise Davis of Livingston visited Mrs. P. Cornelius from Tuesday until Wednesday.

Prof. Jas. Watt Raine addressed the Christian Associations in upper Chapel last Sunday evening on "The Relation of Christian Associations to College Life." Several of the sentences he uttered will appear on the back of the Y. M. C. A. book next year.

Mr. Paul Russell Fitcher of Detroit, Mich., who is visiting Miss Jean Cameron at Boone Tavern, gave a very interesting talk to United Chapel, Wednesday morning.

Mr. John C. Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jackson, has been called back to work at Idamay.

Indian Runner Duck eggs. 75 c. a setting. Mrs. J. W. Herndon.

Dr. and Mrs. Cowley were visited, Tuesday, by Mrs. Mary A. Van Syke of Kingston, N. Y., whom they met while in Europe. Mrs. Van Syke left, Wednesday, for McKee, where she will visit the McKee Academy.

Saturday is the day Welch gives harness away.

The College Faculty was most delightfully entertained by the Senior class of 1912 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Taylor on the evening of the 17th. The reception room was beautifully decorated with spring flowers and apple blossoms. Many games were played, after which refreshments were served.

The members of the 1912 class are: the Misses Mary Pickering, Sarah Cox and Cora Marsh, and the Messrs. A. D. Todd, John Warrington, Horace Caldwell and J. D. McFerron.

FOR SALE: 4 foot wire fencing at 25 cents per rod at Welch's.

Rev. B. H. Roberts' lecture to the advanced students in Upper Chapel, Monday morning, was both interesting and instructive. His subject was "Pittsburg."

Have you seen Welch's new fence at 25 cents per rod?

THE RACKET STORE
MRS. EARLY

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Black of Speedwell, the parents of Mrs. J. H. Jackson, are both ill with grippe.

Hickory King and Boone County seed corn at Welch's.

Miss Ella Clemmons, a blind girl from Clover Bottom, Jackson County, passed through Berea last Wednesday, on her way to Louisville, where she has gone to enter the State Institution for the education of the blind. She was the guest while here, of her aunt, Mrs. Henry Jones.

Welch's fertilizer has just what your soil needs, and saves you money at \$20 per ton.

Mrs. Albert P. Smith returned Saturday from a two weeks visit with her mother and sister in Cincinnati. The length of her stay was shortened by the sudden illness of her husband.

Miss Kate Logsdon of Brassfield is visiting relatives in town this week.

Miss Bowersox who has been sick for several days is able to be out again.

Mr. Marshall E. Vaughn, who has been principal of the Fairview High School at Dyersburg, Tenn. for the past year, is spending several days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Vaughn.

Mr. William M. Phillips of Frankfort was visiting his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Richardson, from Saturday until Tuesday.

Secretary Morton left, Wednesday, for a two weeks trip thru Virginia and West Virginia, where he will do extension work among the High Schools.

Prof. Smith gave a very interesting lecture on "General Improvement" in lower Chapel, Monday morning.

Judge Holliday is in Louisville this week on business.

Miss Edith Fay, of Keene, N. H., is visiting with her grandmother, Mrs. Hylan, at Boone Tavern for two weeks. Miss Fay sang at the Union Church services, Sunday morning, and at the Chapel services, Sunday evening.

Miss Laura Fagan of Augusta, Ky., came to Berea, Saturday, to attend the A. Z. banquet, Saturday evening, and to visit her brother, Paul, who is in school.

House cleaning is now in full blast and don't forget the new furnishings at Welch's.

Mrs. Hunt, who has been in the hospital for some time, is improving rapidly.

The Misses Jewell and Lillie Ogg were accompanied home by the following school friends Saturday afternoon: the Misses Anna Baugh, Ora Carpenter, Esther Gentry, Bonnie Honeycutt, Myrtle Kilbourne and Lois Robinson. They were entertained by their hostesses until Sunday afternoon, when they returned to Berea with their hands full of violets and lilacs.

A few thoroughbred White Orpington chicks—10 cents each. Call Monday or Tuesday.—E. L. Roberts.

Mr. Noel Mitchell was visiting at the home of his brother last week.

Miss Nettie Scrivner has returned to Berea after spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. A. E. Bender at Richmond.

Rev. W. P. Wilks was in Berea for a short time the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskins have moved from their farm on Scaffold Cane pike to the Holliday house on Center St.

Miss Maggie Rutherford who has been visiting with her brother and sister returned to Cincinnati, Monday.

Mr. Tom Robinson, the drummer, was in Berea at the first of the week visiting relatives.

Mrs. Leonard Spence who has been in the Hospital for almost three weeks, with a very light case of typhoid, is getting along nicely and expects to be able to leave right away.

Miss Nannie Branaman and Miss Mary Coyle drove to Wildie, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of a relative.

A number of students enjoyed a trip to Anglin Falls last Saturday.

Mrs. Mollie Brewer and daughter, Effie, of Richmond, are visiting at the home of Mrs. E. M. Spence.

Mr. Lester C. Hill, who is now attending the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis, Ore., is to play the part of "Mary Jane's Pa," which is the leading part in the rural farce comedy of the same name to be given by the dramatic club of that college, April 27th.

We have greatly reduced the prices on low-shoes and slippers, carried over from last season. We have a variety of styles, and most all sizes. Our stock is complete with new spring styles of low-shoes and slippers, at the most reasonable prices. We can fit you; we can please you. Let us prove it.

Mrs. S. R. Baker.

HOW BERE A WILL WELCOME THE BOOSTERS

Reception at Station—Line of March—Welcome Addresses and Responses in Chapel.

A number of citizens were invited by the Mayor to meet members of the town council at the National Bank, last Friday evening, to arrange for the reception of the representatives of the Cincinnati Commercial Association, whose train will stop at Berea, Friday, the 26th at 1:20 p. m. Various committees were appointed to get the city in readiness to be turned over to the queen city visitors, and considerable discussion was entered into as to the best possible plan of reception, concerning the limited amount of time at their disposal.

The following tentative program was adopted:

The Berea Band, all citizens, especially business men, and a body of young gentlemen from the College, the latter dressed in their ducks, to meet the train, Prof. Seal acting as marshal for the occasion; the band to be playing when the train arrives, the line of march to be formed at once as follows:

Berea Band leading, young men of College next, business men in single file to follow. On leaving the train the visitors are to form two abreast, falling in line alongside the business men thus making the column three abreast. Weber's Band, which accom-

"Something out of the ordinary" is a remark that can properly be made of Sanger's Greater European Shows which will exhibit in Berea, Friday, April 26th.

The big circus has a reputation for producing remarkable surprises in its arena until the public has learned that it can attend an exhibition of the Sanger's Greater European Shows expecting to see something new and different.

There is an unusual number of features with this show this season. It is difficult to pick the best. Some will like the trained wild beasts' exhibition or horse wonders. Others will prefer the Earl Family, Meredith Troupe, the Riding Russells, the Glasgow Royal Horses, the Elite Troupe, while some will spend most of the time laughing at the host of clowns, listening to Luckey's famous Marine band, enjoying the races, admiring the animals or petting the beautiful Dublin Prize Horses. No matter which way one looks while under any one of the Sanger's Greater European Show tents, he is sure to see something out of the ordinary.

BANQUET

One of the most enjoyable social functions of the school year occurred last Saturday night at Ladies Hall, when Alpha Zeta Literary Society gave a banquet in honor of her "Co-ed" and Faculty friends, and Alumni.

BUGGY DAY

Saturday is the day we
give harness away.
Everybody interested in bug-
gies should be there.

WELCH'S

panies the excursion, bringing up the rear, Mayor Hunt of Cincinnati accompanied by Mayor Gay of Berea leading the business line.

The line of March selected was as follows:

Up the hill to the Welch corner on Chestnut Street, down Chestnut to Prospect and down Prospect to the brow of the hill, returning to Boone Tavern where punch will be served by the ladies of Berea, then up Main St. to the Industrial Buildings, thru them, past Science Hall, Lincoln Hall, the Library, into the Chapel where a welcome address will be delivered by the Mayor and responded to by the Mayor of Cincinnati.

Other addresses will also be made by a representative of the College and the town, with responses from the guests. Weber's Band will furnish the music.

Most of the members of the Cincinnati party are known to some one or other of the business men of the city, and it is hoped that the entire population will turn out to give them the most cordial welcome of their extensive trip into the Southland.

MISSIONARY GATHERING

The session of the Woman's Presbyterian Missionary Society, Home and Foreign, of Transylvania Presbytery, Synod of Kentucky, will be held in the Union Church in Berea, May 1st and 2nd, and a number of ladies of the society from different parts of the state are expected to be present.

The first session of the gathering will be at 7:15 p. m., Wednesday the 1st, at which the devotional exercises will be conducted by the Pastor of the church, Rev. B. H. Roberts, Mrs. Frost giving the address of welcome. The principal address of the evening will be given by Rev. William Dager, subject, "Africa."

The Tuesday morning session will be devoted largely to reports of officers and committees and other routine business. The chief address of the session, Tuesday evening, will be given by Prof. Smith of Berea. His subject being "Our Mountains; the Work and People."

A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend all the meetings, but especially the evening sessions.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Is Sanger's Greater European Shows.

PETTUS & PARKS
CHESTNUT STREET, BERE A, KENTUCKY**Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals**PERFUMERY, SOAP, SYRINGES, BRUSHES, COMBS,
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

We Handle The Purest and Best Goods

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PHONE 64.**DOOLEY'S****FOR EVERYTHING TO EAT**

In addition to the advantages of getting the very best grade of goods in our line at a reasonable price, we are in a position to show you how to obtain a handsome set of "ROGERS' SILVERWARE" at about one-third the regular price.

CALL AND INVESTIGATE**CREDITORS TAKE NOTICE**

That on Monday, May 27th, 1912, in the law office of T. J. Coyle in Berea, Ky., I will sit to receive and hear proof of claims against W. J. Tatum assignor and will continue from day to day till through. All persons having claims against said W. J. Tatum will present same to me on that date properly verified or same will be barred.

This April 23, 1912.

B. S. Terrill, assignee.

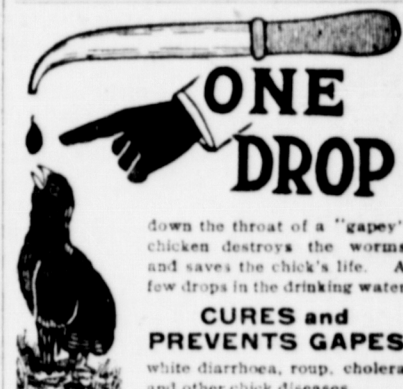
TAX NOTICE

The city taxes for 1912 are now due and the public is hereby notified to be ready to make payment at an early date. The 6 per cent penalty will be enforced after Aug. 1st.

W. L. Harrison, City Marshal.

FOR SALE

On Center Street a good lot known as the John Bales place. House and barn on lot. Good reason for selling.—owe money.—D. N. Welch.

**One 50c Bottle of
Bourbon Poultry Cure**

Makes 12 Gallons of Medicine.

Every poultry raiser should keep a bottle of this medicine on hand. Write for free sample and Booklet on "Diseases of Poultry." Address, BOURBON REMEDY COMPANY, Lexington, Ky.

Sold by PETTUS & PARKS, Berea, Ky.

YOU have tried the rest, now try the best. Quality as well as price should influence you when you go to buy shoes. Cheap, ill-fitting shoes are always costly, no matter what you pay for them. Its the quality in the shoes and the prices at which they are sold that keeps our business steadily increasing.

WalkOver Shoesfor men in all the
newest style
oxfords

\$3.50 to \$5.00

**Krippendorf Dittman**for Ladies and
Missesin white buckskin
and canvas shoes
and pumps, tan,
gunmetal, kid and
velvet pumps and
oxfords

\$1.50 to \$4.00

THEY MAKE A HITFOR BOYS
FOR GIRLS

any Leather, Style or Size

ON SALE AT

HAYES & GOTT

"The Quality Store"

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

Mr. Housekeeper:

Why not let the Telephone do some of the work at home and save your wife from fret and worry?

How many unnecessary steps it saves the housewife can only be realized by those who have the Telephone handy and would not do without it.

It is ever ready for use when needed worst and does not cost you anything for repairs or maintenance.

Your neighbor's wife has the advantage of a Telephone, why not yours?

BEREA TELEPHONE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

A conference of student volunteers of Kentucky and others interested will be held in Lexington this week, commencing Friday night and closing Sunday night. It is the purpose of this gathering to effect a permanent organization of the Student Volunteers of Ky. Berea College will be represented by the following persons: Misses Blanche Nicolla, Agnes Kidder, Elizabeth Marsh, Messrs. Horace Caldwell, Abraham Lohrentz, Samuel Boggs, John M. Imrie, Henry H. Lichtwardt, Carter B. Robinson and Waldo B. Davison.

BIRTHDAY SUPPER

The Misses Edith Frost and Maude Bowman entertained a number of their friends at a joint birthday supper at the home of Miss Frost last Friday evening from 5 until 7:30.

After the supper the vesper hour was most delightfully spent in the playing of various games.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT FROST

Continued from First Page

to the Manhattan Hotel and got a room with one window looking out on a little air space; but the room was shut away from city noises, and comfortable.

That night I spoke to "The Quill Club,"—an association of gentlemen of all occupations—preachers, university professors, lawyers, bankers, doctors, merchants, authors, engineers and what not—that dine together once a month and listen to an after dinner speech on some topic of the day. At their last dinner they had Shuster, the American who was lately Treasurer of the sinking Kingdom of Persia. The dinner was far more extravagant than I could approve of—no wine, but a variety of food which brought the cost up to \$2.50 a plate. But I came as a visitor and had no right to complain.

I addressed this club several years ago and told them of the bravery of

the Mountain soldiers in the Union army, and the story of Lincoln's childhood. This time they asked me to explain how such things as the shooting of Judge Massie in the Virginia mountains could be possible. I explained to them that in every place there are some men who do things that their fellow citizens regret but are not quite able to stop, and reminded them that some of my mountain friends were much concerned about the sins of New York and Chicago. They took this very good naturedly and applauded loudly. On the whole these men are too well informed and too earnest to be over proud of their great city. They rejoice in its greatness, but are working day and night to make it better. And it is a better city than when I first began to know it well, some twenty years ago. Here are the headquarters of the Bible Society, and the Tract Society, and many of the great mission boards. New York is the home of great preachers like Parkhurst, and Jowett, and Hugh Black, and Hillis and Cadman preach in Brooklyn just across the river. And there are a dozen different clubs devoted to the one thing of making the city better—preventing the election of bad men, looking out for the immigrant and the stranger, caring for the sick, protecting the children. Really I hardly know any country place where people are so active in fighting evil as a great many people are in New York.

But, after all, the country life for me, I feel an interest in "every new family that moves to Berea, but I do not at all think we would be any happier if we had 15,000 people instead of 1,510. And people here are finding this out. All who can afford it have country homes for their children and wives, and stay in these country homes all they can, riding in to New York in the cars and out again at night.

The whole world is thinking of one thing just now—the sinking of the great steamer Titanic.

It is a sermon to the world. Life and death are in God's hands. Men must not grow careless because their inventions are so great and grand. Riches make no difference when we come to the real crisis. And safety is to be preferred to luxury. These are some of the lessons.

And we are proud of the good conduct of passengers and crew in the hour of trial.

It is pitiful to read of the parting of friends, the separation of husbands and wives. And yet we are all on a sinking ship and must part when the time comes.

"For come he slow or come he fast, it is but death that comes last."

"Blessed are they whose names are written in the book of Life."

With love to all the mountains, Wm. Goodell Frost.

BEREA COLLEGE A POWER-HOUSE OF SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Continued from First Page

and his own energies for support to carry on his work. He was led to locate at Berea by Cassius M. Clay, that sturdy anti-slavery champion who wished to build up a sentiment favorable to removing slavery from Kentucky by Constitutional amendment and depended largely on the mountain people to support him.

Father Rodgers Comes

The establishment of a school was a cherished purpose of Mr. Fee and one was started in 1855 near the location of the present district school. For several years it was taught by students from Oberlin College but in 1858 Rev. J. A. R. Rogers and his wife came to Berea from Illinois. They were eminently fitted for the work begun, and carried it out with great success, maintaining a school that was of reputation throughout a large section. Two such personalities as Mr. Fee and Mr. Rogers, able, consecrated and tireless, insured a firm foundation. They were supported by substantial settlers in the neighborhood, John G. Hanson, Morgan Burdette, Wm. Stapp, John Burman, T. J. Rentro, Elisha Harrison and others.

Forced to Flee

The agitated feeling preceding the war made the foundation of a school based on anti-slavery principles a difficult and dangerous undertaking. After the John Brown raid in Virginia in 1859 the teachers as well as many of the settlers, the native Kentuckians, were forced to leave.

After the war most of them returned, however, and the work was continued. The constitution already begun was completed, a charter was secured the site of the present campus was purchased, new buildings were erected and the school was placed on a more permanent basis.

President Fairchild

In 1869 E. H. Fairchild of Oberlin was called to the Presidency. During his administration the Ladies Hall and Lincoln Hall were built. His presidency fell during the period of reconstruction after the war and Berea gave large attention to the adjust-

ment of the colored man to his new rights.

Progress under President Frost
In 1893 William G. Frost accepted the Presidency of the College and his administration has been one of great progress. Especial emphasis has been



President Frost

given to the mountain section, the resources of the College in lands, buildings and endowment have grown and the work has been given a national significance. The interest of such givers as Dr. D. K. Pearsons, Andrew Carnegie, and others has been secured.

Adaptation of Work

In the second place Berea College merits attention for the attempt to adapt its work to the purpose for which it exists. Located in a rural section, among a country loving people, it has emphasized rural life. In its general regulations as well as in its courses of study it has sought to inspire a love of the country, to work for the betterment of rural conditions and to fit young people to live with contentment on the farm and in the village. It has sought to find out the merits in the mountain section and to make the most, economically and socially, of the section which it serves.

The Organization of the Institution is also an adaptation to needs. In lieu of good primary schools the Model Schools are maintained for pupils of Junior grade. To meet the needs of mature pupils able to go on rapidly, but held back by lack of opportunity, the Foundation School is maintained. For those who wish to become more proficient in the duties of industrial life the Vocational Schools exist with their courses in Agriculture, Horticulture, Carpentry, Printing and Domestic Science. To aid teachers not only to be prepared for their work but to have the spirit of community builders, the Normal Department exists. While for teachers in high schools, professional occupations and other positions of leadership the Academy and the College are designed. These departments while separate to an extent are interrelated into one whole which gives a solidarity to the student body.

The College, moreover, desires to foster whatever will enrich the economic and social life of the people to whom it ministers. To this end it encourages the fireside industries and teaches weaving. It seeks to create a wholesome respect for trees that forests still existing may be preserved and that hills already bare may be reforested. As an example it has its own forest reserve of four thousand acres. Its Hospital not only cares for the sick among the students but trains nurses and seeks to bring about conditions of health throughout the mountain section. It distributes from the Library boxes of books as traveling libraries, and sends extension lecturers with lanterns to present useful subjects to the people.

Keeps Expense Low

It is part of the plan of adaptation to hold expenses at a minimum. \$150 will carry a student comfortably through a year—including all necessary expenses. Most of the work of the College is done by students and an opportunity is thus given to earn

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Clothing for Boys
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MEAL and FLOUR

The Best at the Lowest Prices in Town

**Bacon and Lard All Good Things to Eat
Special Prices in Quantities**

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Berea, Kentucky

part of the expenses as well as to gain greater efficiency as workmen, and a co-operative store lessens the cost of articles used by students.

Remarkable Growth

In the third place Berea College merits attention because of its remarkable growth. That it is doing its work is sufficiently evidenced by the liberality of parties in contributing to its financial needs. During the last twenty years the attendance has reached from 234 to 1,575 in all departments. The student fees have increased from \$1,748 to \$14,639. The yearly donations from about \$10,000 to over \$50,000 and the interest on invested funds from \$4,431 to \$32,033.

Promising Future

The work of the College is being laid out along large lines and with such a mission to perform with such a field in which to work, with such a solid backing of love and financial strength, with such an alumni to wish it well and to aid in its development the future is very promising.

J. R. Robertson

BEREA A BUSINESS CENTER

(Continued from first page)

Quality Stores

Another thing worthy of mention is the quality of the stock of goods found in our stores. The writer has visited every town in Eastern Kentucky which lies on a railroad and after returning home has been impressed each time with the appearance of our stores.

From these things it can be seen that the merchants of Berea are wide awake, at their post, have studied conditions both local and foreign and have taken advantage of the opportunities offered them.

Around the Station

The first business concerns that attract the attention of the visitor on his arrival are the Berea Roller mills near the station, owned and operated by Andrew Isaacs, and the Spoke Factory which is a branch of The Standard Wheel Co., of Terre Haute, Indiana. The planing mill, run by Stephens and Muncy, and the Canning Factory are also near by, and the Commercial Hotel and W. G. Nicely's general merchandise store. Turning to the right up the hill the visitor then passes the ice, coal and the yard belonging to J. W. Stephens.

Welch's and West End

At the corner at the top of the hill is the S. E. Welch Department Store, the largest department store in the state of Kentucky in any city outside of Louisville. It contains a ladies' and children's department, a gent's furnishing department, a grocery, a hardware, a feed, an implement and carriage, a furniture, an undertaking and a drug department. It is operated by John W. Welch. The Berea National Bank comes next and further along W. C. Engle, C. K. Engle and R. J. Engle in their gent's furnishing, grocery and general mer-

chandise stores respectively. Then follow Pettus and Parks' Drug Store, Parks Bros. feed store and R. H. Chrisman's large furniture and undertaking establishment all of which are directly across the street from N. J. Coyle's General Merchandise and Henderson's grocery.

Farther up the street and on the right is the lumber and planing plant of J. Burdette and Sons. This completes the West End business section.

College, a Big Business

Passing on to the east end Berea College comes into view. The College aside from its educational function is one of the greatest business enterprises in the South.

East End Section

Just beyond the College is the cleanest hotel in Kentucky—Boone Tavern, and here begins the east end business section with the fancy grocery stores of W. I. Dooley and Jerry Richardson, the gent's furnishing stores of R. R. Coyle and Hayes and Gott, the ladies' and children's stores of E. F. Coyle and Mrs. S. R. Baker, and the Berea Drug Company, the Racket Store, Clarkston's Hardware store—nine stores which we believe are far above the average of any town twice the size of Berea.

We should also mention Kidd and Robinson with their up-to-date livery and feed stable, the Berea Bank and Trust Co., which lies in the center of the East End block, the restaurant of Gabbard and Reynolds and the Palace Meat Market. These in main constitute the business enterprises of Berea.

Growing Town

The town has a reputation and the right kind, too, which is the greatest asset making for future prosperity. And we are rapidly growing, being at the head of the percentage column of gain in Kentucky under the census of 1910, our location giving us a great opportunity for future attainment, as well as offering an ideal place to live.

Accessible Markets

Now a word as to our markets: We are nearer Cincinnati and Louisville than any of the large markets, and practically the same distance from each, the freight rate being identical. We are also in close touch with Knoxville, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Baltimore and New York, aside from several smaller markets in and around our own state, several which equalize rates with closer cities.

Open to be Courted

We must get our merchandise some place and we are open to be courted for future business and we believe that the city that wins us will not, as the owner of an automobile, have a liability but an asset worthy of mention.

Our simple admonition Mr. Manufacturer, Mr. Jobber is, "Keep your eye on Berea."

John W. Welch

Why Pay Five Times More for a Roof than You need to?

FLINTOID ROOFING

Outlasts FIVE Ordinary Roofs.
Nearly Twenty Years' Test Proves it.

Has no Equal for Farm, Factory and Residence buildings.
Kant Leak Kleets insure absolutely



water tight seams.
Your Dealer can furnish Samples and Proofs.
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ROOFING DEPARTMENT

The Diem & Wing Paper Company,
PIONEERS IN THE ROOFING LINE
CINCINNATI, OHIO

MR. PROPERTY OWNER---Stop!
Consider! Why not use the best possible when YOU pay the bill?

Hanna's Green Seal

Stands for everything that is best in paint.
The pigments used are properly proportioned and thoroughly compounded.

STUDY THE FORMULA AS SHOWN ON EACH PACKAGE

"HANNA'S GREEN SEAL PAINT is Made to Wear"

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J. D. CLARKSTON, - - Berea, Ky.**WHY OWN**

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER?

Because it is a NEW CREATION, covering every field of the world's thought, action and culture. The only new unabridged dictionary in many years.

Because it defines over 400,000 words; more than ever before appeared between two covers. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations.

Because it is the only dictionary with the new divided page. A "Stroke of Genius."

Because it is an encyclopedia in a single volume.

Because it is accepted by the Courts, Schools and Press as the one supreme authority.

Because he who knows Wins Success. Let us tell you about this new work.

Write for specimen of new divided page. C. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass. Mention this paper, receive FREE a set of pocket maps.

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A COMPLETE LINE

HARDWARE, PAINTS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS AND GROCERIES**Prices Right J. D. CLARKSTON Give Us a Call**

MAIN STREET, near Bank

PALACE MEAT MARKET

Fresh and cured meats and lard, Fish and Oysters.

Call for what you want and get what you call for.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER, EGGS, CHICKENS.

Leaf Lard, guaranteed pure.

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U. B. ROBERTS, Prop.



SYNOPSIS

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht had come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs, Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously-shaped stick. Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Panshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Panshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing-stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Panshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Perry Hunter is found murdered and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeanne. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut, and there finds her father's diary, which discloses the explorer's suspicion of Roscoe. The ruffian returns to the hut and sees Jeanne. He is intent on murder, when the sky-man swoops down and the ruffian flees. Jeanne gives Cayley her father's diary to read. The yacht disappears and Roscoe's plans to capture it are revealed. Jeanne's only hope is in Cayley. The seriousness of their situation becomes apparent to Jeanne and the sky-man. Cayley kills a polar bear. Next he finds a clue to the hiding place of the stores. Roscoe is about to attack the girl, when he is sent fleeing in terror by the sight of the sky-man swooping down. Measures are taken to fortify the hut. A wounded polar bear and receives the first intimation that Roscoe possesses firearms. A fissure in the ice betrays Hunter's body and Roscoe, finding it, removes the dead man's rifle. He discovers that Cayley is a human being and not a spirit. The ruffian is baffled in his plan to murder Cayley when the latter and Jeanne take refuge in the cave where a furious storm keeps them imprisoned. They confess their love for each other. Cayley, resolving to seek the ruffian and kill him, finds Roscoe's cave.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Probably no apparition of the monster he expected to find there—no sight of him towering expectant, armed, anticipating all that Cayley hoped to do, and ready to frustrate it, could have been so terrifying to Philip as the thing he actually saw, which was—nothing. At least, so far as a first glance into the cave would reveal, his enemy was not there.

Cayley shuddered, not with fear, and yet with a sensation stronger than disgust. It was as if a leopard had been standing over the deserted lair of a hyena. A wild beast's lair it was and not a human habitation.

The floor was littered with feathers and half-gnawed bones. The rocky walls dripped with oil soot of his horrible cooking. The foul air of the place was actually iridescent. But the real horror of it lay in the fact that Roscoe was not there.

Cayley's reasoning faculties attacked that blind, irrational horror with all their force. From the condition of the fire it was evident that Roscoe had been gone several hours. It was almost certain that he would return soon. Cayley's arrival in his absence really gave him an immense advantage. A man always comes unwarily into the place he calls home. If Roscoe came back now he would have no chance at all against Cayley's quick spring and the flash of the long knife-blade.

Certainly it was reasonable to expect that Roscoe would wait for another moonrise before setting out on any serious sort of expedition, and, if that assumption were correct, he might be returning to the cave at any moment.

He strode abruptly back to the cave-mouth. As he did so, however, his eye alighted on something that made him pause—something so strangely out of keeping with its surroundings that it caused him—or he thought that was the reason—a sense of recognition, almost of familiarity.

The thing which so evidently did not belong to Roscoe that it seemed almost to belong to Philip himself, was a gold locket. It lay on a flat bit of rock, which seemed to serve Roscoe's purpose as a table. The objects which surrounded it—an irregular piece of raw walrus hide, an overturned bottle of whale oil, with a smudgy wick in it, a sailmaker's needle and some ravelings of canvas, together with some scraps of food—all spoke so loud of Roscoe and made such a contrast with this bit of jewelry that Cayley's action in stooping to pick it up was automatic.

He held it in his hand a moment as if he did not know quite what to do with it, then put it in his pocket and went out of the cave. Only during the moment when it had first caught his eye had it really commanded his attention at all. By the time he got outside of the cave he had forgotten it.

Two or three breaths of the clear air outside of the cave were all he needed to revive him, physically. But to his surprise they did not suffice to rid him of the feeling which he regarded as superstitious, namely, the impulse to fly back to Jeanne as fast as wing could carry him.

He had every reason to believe that

she was safe, he told himself. She was armed with a heavy revolver, was a good shot and had plenty of nerve. She was in a place, the only avenue of access to which would give her a tremendous advantage over any invader. So that, even supposing the worst—supposing that Roscoe's absence were taken to mean that he had gone to make an attack on the pilot house, there could hardly be a doubt that Jeanne would kill him.

His reasoning was all based on the assumption that the pilot house was inaccessible to any wingless creature except by way of the ice chimney. Even now, when his fear for the girl was amounting to a superstition of almost irresistible intensity, it did not occur to him to question that.

He steadied himself as best he could and crouched down in the shelter of the big rock to await Roscoe's return. He had hardly settled himself here when he saw something that made him shake his head impatiently, and swear a little. It was the winking glow of an aurora borealis, off to the north.

Cayley gazed at the spectacle unwillingly, but still he gazed. And, somehow, though he fought the feeling desperately, it began to assume a personal significance to him—a significance of mockery. The whole sky was quivering with vast, silent laughter. Was it because he, with his fancied cleverness and daring in finding Roscoe's lair and waiting for his return to it, was really doing precisely the thing that Roscoe would have had him do? Were those sky-witches laughing over what was happening up at the pilot house while he sat here and waited?

No intelligence, no sane power of consecutive reasoning can resist this sort of thing definitely, and at last Cayley's power of resistance came to an end.

He sprang to his feet, at last, dripping with sweat, in spite of the cold, caught up his bundled wings, unfurled them and took the air with a rush. Once he had jerked himself aloft to a height a little above the crest of the cliff, it was hardly more than a matter of seconds before he came opposite the dome-like mound of snow which covered the pilot house.

There was no light shining out of the tunnel entrance. But that was as he had expected it to be. He made it out easily enough; and in another moment had alighted there.

"Jeanne!" he called. It was not the exertion of flight, but a sudden intolerable apprehension that made him breathless. The word had halted a little in his throat. Exactly as he uttered it he saw down the tunnel, and in the pilot house itself, a tiny spark of fire, and heard the click of steel against flint.

What the spark illuminated were the fingers of a gigantic, hairy hand. "Jeanne!" he called again, and now his voice came clear enough. "Wait a minute and I'll make a light for you."

CHAPTER XXII.

In the Pilot House.

Cayley had been right in assuming, as he did in his conversation with Jeanne, upon the subject, that Roscoe and the other people of the Walrus had never noticed the ice chimney, nor suspected the existence of the pilot house upon the cliff-head. Also, he had followed correctly the track of Roscoe's mind in the deduction that the two latest castaways upon this land—that is, Philip and Jeanne—must have perished in the great storm which began on the night when he fired the hut, and continued for so many weeks that he, like them, lost all trace of reckoning.

During the storm he had lived in the cave, much as Philip and Jeanne had lived in the pilot house on the cliff; he had, that is to say, in some purely automatic fashion, kept on existing. The mere momentum of a mature man's vitality makes it hard for him to die. But when the storm abated and milder weather came, he bestirred himself, as Cayley did, and set about digging a tunnel of his own through the great drift which had blocked the entrance to his cave.

The next time the moon came up, after he had completed the tunnel from the cave, he set out down the beach toward the ruins of the hut.

It was not mere curiosity which attracted him, nor any lurking fear, but simply the hope of making some salvage from the wreckage of the hut, or possibly, from the bodies of his two victims, in case he was lucky enough to find them. He had no doubt at all that they were dead.

His pleasure over the quantity and condition of the stores he found in the ice cave compensated for his disappointment over not finding the bodies of his two latest victims.

Evidently they had not even attempted to use such shelter as the ice chamber afforded, for it showed no mark of human habitation at all. They had probably wandered outside and died in one of the near-by drifts. Perhaps he would find them some day. For the present, however, the stores occupied his whole attention.

Very methodically he set to work, carrying them off to his own cave,



Watched Cayley's Flight to His Landing Place.

working without fatigue and without intermission—working so long as the moonlight lasted.

He was just setting out with his last load when, glancing skyward to see how long the light would hold, he caught a glimpse of Cayley on the wing. The sight occasioned him no return—not even momentary—of the old terror. He cursed a little because he had not his rifle with him; the sky-man soaring slowly and not very high, presented a mark he could almost certainly have hit.

It was surprising, of course, to see him alive, but Roscoe, in his present state, never thought of looking to supernatural means to account for the fact. Indeed, he was hardly more than a moment in approximating the true explanation. There might well be, he supposed, up somewhere in the face of the cliff a cave, or shelter, of which he knew nothing, and easily accessible to anyone who happened to possess a flying machine.

Skirting the cliff and keeping well in its shadow, he made his way with his last load, back to his cave. Here he spent a few minutes cleaning his rifle, making sure that the mechanism of the breech was working perfectly, and filling its magazine full of cartridges.

The moon was just setting, but the sky was still bright enough to give him a good hope of making out Cayley's winged figure against it.

Roscoe squatted down in the lee of the great hummock of ice, surveyed the heavens with keen, practised eyes, munching on a strip of dried walrus-meat which he had brought with him and waited very contentedly.

He had not long to wait. Long before the moon twilight had gone out of the sky he saw in it silhouetted against it, the sight from which he had once fled with such mad terror—the broad expanse of the sky-man's wings.

Instead of firing, he scrambled up to the top of the nearest ice hummock and from there watched Cayley's flight to his landing place.

He laughed aloud when he saw that it was not in the side of the cliff, as he had feared, but quite at the crest of it—where it was as accessible to a man who could climb a bit as to one with wings.

He did not move from his attitude of strained attention, on the summit of a little ice hill, until he saw a faint glow of golden light diffusing itself from the mouth of the tunnel that led to the pilot house. Then, with that queer shuffling gait of his, which was neither walk nor run, he began making his way inshore, over the ice, toward the foot of the cliff.

Cayley's tunnel was not at right angles to the crest, but bore off diagonally westward. Roscoe had noted this fact, and he figured it out from the top of the promontory, which formed the western boundary of their strip of beach, he should be able to command a view straight into the tunnel. Also, there was at this point a precipitous trail up the cliff. No one but Roscoe would have called it a trail, but that was the way it existed in his mind.

His calculation of the angle of the tunnel proved to be correct, for from his newly-gained vantage, he could see straight into the pilot house

and make out clearly enough two figures there.

Once more he was tempted to fire, and might have yielded to the temptation had not the light been put out before he had fairly got his eyes adjusted to the distance.

It is to be remembered, always, that he knew nothing whatever of the ice chimney, and suspected no connection between the hut and the pilot house, except by the air. For anything he knew to the contrary, Jeanne might be able to fly, as well as Philip, or he to carry her with him upon his flights. Consequently, he did not suspect, when he saw Cayley, take to flight again, that this action had any reference to himself; nor that the woman who was left alone would be on her guard against him.

The moment he glimpsed the shadow of Cayley's wings against the stars he began making his way, cautiously, over the crusted snow, toward the pilot house. The door was closed, but there was a light shining out through a crack beneath it. It was a glass door, but something had been hung over the glass so that he could not see into the interior.

Both Jeanne and Philip had made the mistake of assuming that the only way of access to the pilot house, except to Philip with his wings, was the ice chimney. It was a natural mistake enough—one that almost any but a practised mountaineer would have made.

Furthermore they had no reason—either of them—for anticipating an attack upon the pilot house while Philip was gone. They had been living here, now for weeks, in unbroken security. So, though the girl obeyed Philip's injunction literally and scrupulously, she did it without the slightest sense of personal danger, and indeed she would hardly have had room for such an emotion even if there had been a much more reasonable ground for it.

She was sitting beside the oil stove, in one of the farther corners of the room. The chimney hole was in the corresponding corner. The revolver lay on the table in the middle of the room, a few paces behind her. The pilot house door was directly in line with it, and almost exactly behind her back. The door was hinged to swing inward.

When it burst open she attributed the fact to no other agency than the wind. She laid down the red-bound book upon the bench beside her and rose, rather deliberately, before she turned round.

As she did so Roscoe sprang forward to the table and seized the revolver. Her failure to turn immediately had given him the second he needed to take in the strategic possibilities of the room.

His rifle was a clumsy weapon in close quarters. So, as he sprang forward, he dropped it and made for the revolver instead. It only needed a glance at the girl to convince him that she was unarmed. Quite deliberately he broke open the breech of the revolver and satisfied himself that it was loaded. Then he looked up again, blinking at the girl.

It was no wonder that Carlson and Rose had mistaken her for the ghost of the man their leader murdered. She looked like her father as a woman may resemble a man, and her whiteness, her fineness, her delicacy all increased rather than diminished the credibility of the idea that she was in fact his spirit.

The hand which held the revolver dropped nervously at his side. He swallowed hard, and wrung his cruel lips with his other great hand. It was then that the girl looked up into his face. It was then she uttered her first cry.

For she saw that he did not mean to kill her.

Suddenly Jeanne's eyes detached themselves from his face. A look of sudden alarm came into them, and she raised her hand to her throat, as though she were choking. She was looking past Roscoe, and straight down the snow tunnel.

"Philip!" she cried, "take care; he's here."

The snow tunnel was empty, and for aught she knew, her lover's body might be lying mangled in the monster's cave. She had thought of that before she tried the trick. But, even if that were so, that cry of hers might lead the monster to steal one uneasy glance at the door behind him; and even that would give her time enough. If he had not killed Philip, but simply eluded him, he would turn instantly.

That was what he did. He sprang round with a suddenness which bespoke a perfectly genuine, common-sense alarm. And then he found himself in darkness.

He understood at once that he had been tricked. Without wasting the time to turn back and look at Jeanne, he sprang toward the pilot house door. He thought she meant to attempt to rush by him, gain the snow-tunnel and throw herself over the crest of the cliff. He had not misread the sudden loathing he had seen in her eyes when they met his face.

In the open doorway he wheeled round, triumphantly. She had not got ahead of him that time. He laughed aloud into the darkness, and then spoke to her, with a vile, jocular familiarity.

But he got no answer, in words or otherwise. There was no outcry, no stifled sobbing. Nothing at all but sigh and whine of the wind.

He moved forward, groping in the dark, but stopped when he felt the pressure of the table across his thighs. He could do nothing without a light. He would re-light the candle, first of all, and then he would find her.

He took a bit of flint, a nail and a rope of tow from his pocket. He struck a spark, but it failed to kindle the tow.

It was at that instant that Philip alighted.

Philip sprang clear of his planes, left them as they were there at the tunnel mouth, and walked steadily up toward the pilot house door.

Roscoe, on hearing his voice the first time, had dropped the articles which encumbered his hands and groped on the table for the revolver. Before he could put his hand on it Cayley spoke the second time.

At that, wanting no weapon, confident that he needed none, his great arms aching for the feel of the sky-man's flesh beneath their grasp, he moved a step nearer the door and waited.

He saw Philip cross the threshold, unseeing—suspecting, apparently, nothing; saw him, at last, within hand's reach.

Just as he touched him he uttered a sobbing oath, and his great hand faltered, for Philip's knife had struck through, clean to the hilt, and just below the heart.

The effect of the shock was only momentary. With a yell of rage, he sprang upon Cayley, crowded him back against the wall, tore at him blindly, like a wild beast, and finally getting Philip's right fore-arm fairly in the grip of both hands, he snapped it like a pipstemon.

In a moment Cayley got round behind him and with the crook of his good arm round Roscoe's neck, he succeeded in forcing him to release his grip and in throwing him heavily.

As he lay, his body projected through the doorway, out into the tunnel.

Philip left him huddled there, and went back to the table. He found Roscoe's flint and steel beneath his hand; but it was a full minute before he could summon his courage to strike a light, for the inferences from Roscoe's presence here in the pilot house began to crowd upon him now, grim and horrible. But he struck a spark at last, lighted a candle and looked around.

The reaction of relief turned him, for a moment, giddy, as the glance about the room convinced him that what he feared worst had not happened. But another thought occurred to him, almost at once, when he saw the cover had been removed from the top of the ice chimney.

In his mind, of course, that represented the way Roscoe had come. What, if Jeanne, unable for some reason to defend herself, had chosen, as the lesser evil, to fling herself over the cliff from the tunnel mouth?

The moment he thought of that he went out into the tunnel, stepping over Roscoe's body to do so. He went to the edge and looked over, but it was too dark to see. The light of the aurora which still blazed in the sky, dazzled his eyes, without lighting the surface of the world below.

He must go down there, in order to be sure. He had not stopped to furl his planes when he alighted, and they had wedged themselves sideways into the tunnel, still extended and so ready for flight in an emergency.

He righted them and slipped his arms through the loops that awaited them. He stood for a moment, testing the right wing tentatively. There was a play about it that he did not understand. So far as he could see nothing was broken. The fact that it was his own arm did not occur to him.

He was just turning to dive off the cliff-head when, suddenly, he saw the great form of the man he had supposed to be dead, rise and rush upon him.

Philip's knife had, indeed, inflicted a mortal wound, but a man of Roscoe's physique lets go of life slowly. He was bleeding to death, internally, but the process was, probably, retarded by his huddled position as he lay there in the tunnel.

So he had lain still and awaited his chance. Cayley was standing, quite at the edge of the cliff, and the man's momentum carried him over. His clutching hands grasped Cayley's shoulders, and they went down together, over 600 feet of empty space.

For Cayley the space was all too little. As they went over he thought that he and his gigantic enemy were going down to death together. Instinctively, and much quicker than a man can think, he swept his great-fantail forward and flung himself back in an attempt to correct the balance destroyed by the great weight that was clinging to his shoulders.

They were, of course, bound to go down. Neither his strength nor the area of his planes was sufficient to support them both in the air. But in the position into which he had flung himself they would go down a little more slowly. He would gain, perhaps, a precious second more.

But he did not waste even an infinitesimal moment in any struggle against the force of gravity.

Twice, with all his might, he sent his left fist crashing against the face, the staring, horrible face, that confronted his own. But still that convulsive, dying grasp held fast.

They were now more than a bare 200 feet above the ice. With a supreme effort, an effort whose suddenness availed it better than its strength, he wrenched himself free and the great weight dropped off. Another effort, the instantaneous exertion of every ounce of force he possessed, corrected the sudden change of balance and prevented him from falling. Like the great, inert mass he had just cast off.

Trembling, exhausted, he managed to blunder around in a half-circle, slanted down inland and stumbled to a landing on the beach, not 50 yards from the ice-clad ruins of the hut.

As he did so, the thought was in his mind that during his struggle in the air with Roscoe, he had heard a cry, which neither he nor his antagonist had uttered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Went Down Together.

VICTIMS OF SEA HORROR WENT DOWN LIKE HEROES

New York, April 19.—The following account of the sinking of the Titanic and the rescue of 745 of its passengers and crew was given by Mr. Beasley of London, one of the passengers on the ill-fated steamer:

"The voyage from Queenstown had been quite uneventful; very fine weather was experienced and the sea was quite calm. The wind had been westerly to southwesterly the whole way, but very cold, particularly the last day; in fact, after dinner on Sunday evening it was almost too cold to be out on deck at all. I had been in my berth for about ten minutes, when, at about 11:15 p. m., I felt a slight jar, and then, soon after, a second one, but not sufficiently large to cause any anxiety to any one, however nervous they may have been. However, the engines stopped immediately afterwards, and my first thought was 'She has lost a propeller.' I went up on the top (boat) deck in a dressing gown and found only a few people there, who had come up similarly to inquire why we had stopped, but there was no sort of anxiety in the minds of any one."

CARD PLAYERS SAW ICEBERG.

"We saw through the smoking-room window a game of cards going on and went in to inquire if they knew anything; it seems they felt more of the jar, and looking through the window had seen a huge iceberg go by close to the side of the boat. They thought we had just grazed it with a glancing blow and the engines had been stopped to see if any damage had been done. No one, of course, had any conception that she had been pierced below by part of the submerged iceberg. The game went on without any thought of disaster, and I retired to my cabin to read until we went on again. I never saw any of the players or the onlookers again. A little later, hearing people going upstairs, I went out again and found every one wanting to know why the engines had stopped. No doubt many were awakened from sleep by the sudden stopping of a vibration to which they had become accustomed during the four days we had been on board. Naturally, with such powerful engines as the Titanic carried, the vibration was very noticeable all the time, and the sudden stopping had something the same effect as the stopping of a loud ticking grandfather's clock in a room."

"On going on deck again I saw that there was an undoubted list downwards from stern to bows, but, knowing nothing of what had happened, concluded some of the front compartments had filled and weighed her down. I went down again to put on warmer clothing and as I dressed heard an order shouted:

LIFEBOATS ORDERED.

"All passengers on deck with life belts on."

"We all walked slowly up with them tied on over our clothing, but even then presumed this was a wise precaution the captain was taking, and that we should return in a short time and retire to bed. There was a total absence of any panic or any expressions of alarm, and I suppose this can be accounted for by the exceedingly calm night and the absence of any signs of the accident. The ship was absolutely still and except for a gentle tilt downward, which I don't think one person in ten would have noticed at that time, no signs of the approaching disaster were visible. She lay just as if she were waiting the order to go on again, when some trifling matter had been adjusted. But in a few moments we saw the covers lifted from the boats, and the crews allotted to them standing by and curling up the ropes which were to lower them by the pulley blocks into the water."

"We then began to realize it was more serious than had been supposed, and my first thought was to go down and get more clothing and some money, but seeing people pouring up the stairs decided it was better to cause no confusion to people coming up by doing so. Presently we heard the order:

WOMEN TORN FROM HUSBANDS.

"All men stand back away from the boats and all ladies retire to next deck below!"—the smoking-room deck or B deck. The men all stood away and remained in absolute silence, leaning against the end railings of the deck or pacing slowly up and down. The boats were swung out and lowered from A deck. When they were to the level of B deck, where all the ladies were collected, the ladies got in quietly, with the exception of some who refused to leave their husbands. In some cases they were torn from them and pushed into the boats, but in many instances they were allowed to remain because there was no one to insist they should go."

"Looking over the side, one saw boats from aft already in the darkness, and presently the boats near to me were lowered and with much creaking as the new ropes slipped through the pulley blocks down the ninety feet which separated them from the water. An officer in uniform came up as one boat went down and shouted: 'When you are afloat, row round to the companion ladder and stand by with the other boats for orders.'"

"Aye, aye, sir," came up the reply, but I don't think any boat was able

to obey the order. When they were afloat and had the oars at work the condition of the rapidly settling boat was so much more a sight for alarm for those in the boats than those on board that in common prudence the sailors saw they could do nothing but row from the sinking ship to save, at any rate, some lives. They no doubt anticipated that suction from such an enormous vessel would be more than usually dangerous to a crowded boat filled with women."

"All this time there was no trace of any disorder or panic or rush to the boats and no scenes of women sobbing hysterically such as one generally pictures as happening at such times; every one seemed to realize so slowly that there was imminent danger. When it was realized that we might all be presently in the sea with nothing but our life belts to support us until we were picked up by passing steamers it was extraordinary how calm every one was and how completely self-controlled."

"One by one the boats were filled with women and children, lowered and rowed away into the night. Presently the word went round among the men, 'The men are to be put in boats on the starboard side.' I was on the port side and most of the men walked across the deck to see if this was so. I remained where I was and presently heard the call:

"Any more ladies?" Looking over the side of the ship, I saw the boat, No. 13, swinging level with B deck, half full of ladies. Again the call was repeated: 'Any more ladies?'

"I saw none come on, and then one of the crew looked up and said: 'Any ladies on your deck, sir?'

"No," I replied.

"Then you had better jump."

WOMEN HEAVED INTO BOAT.

"I dropped in and fell in the bottom as they cried: 'Lower away.' As the boat began to descend two ladies were pushed hurriedly through the crowd on B deck and heaved over into the boat, and a baby of ten months passed down after them. Down we went, the crew calling to those lowering each end to keep her level—"aft," "stern," "both together"—until we were some ten feet from the water, and here occurred the only anxious moment we had during the whole of our experience from leaving the deck to reaching the Carpathia."

"Immediately below our boat was the exhaust of the condensers, a huge stream of water pouring all the time from the ship's side just above the water line. It was plain we ought to be smart away from this not to be swamped by it when we touched water. We had no officer aboard, nor petty officer or member of the crew to take charge. So one of the stokers shouted: 'Some one find the pin which releases the boat from the ropes and pull it up.' No one knew where it was. We felt as well as we could on the floor and sides, but found nothing, and it was hard to move among so many people—we had sixty or seventy on board."

"Down we went and presently floated, with our ropes still holding us, the exhaust washing us away from the side of the vessel and the swell of the sea urging us back against the side again. The resultant of all these forces was an impetus which carried us parallel to the ship's side and directly under boat 14, which had filled rapidly with men and was coming down on us in a way that threatened to submerge our boat."

STOKER AVERTS GREATER LOSS.

"Stop lowering 14," our crew shouted, and the crew of No. 14, now only twenty feet above, shouted the same. But the distance to the top was some seventy feet, and the creaking pulleys must have deadened all sound to those above, for down she came—fifteen feet, ten feet, five feet and a stoker and I reached up and touched her swinging above our heads. The next drop would have brought her on our heads, but just before she dropped another stoker sprang to the ropes with his knife."

"One," I heard him say; 'two,' as his knife cut through the pulley ropes and the next moment the exhaust stream had carried us clear, while boat 14 dropped into the water into the space we had the moment before occupied, our gunwales almost touching."

"We drifted away easily as the oars were got out and headed directly away from the ship. The crew seemed to me to be mostly cooks in white jackets, two to an oar, with a stoker at the tiller. There was a certain amount of shouting from one end of the boat to the other, and discussion as to which way we should go, but finally it was decided to elect the stoker, who was steering, captain, and for all to obey his orders. He set to work at once to get into touch with the other boats, calling to them and getting as close as seemed wise, so that when the search boats came in the morning to look for us, there would be more chance for all to be

SEA CALM AS A POND.

"It was now about 1 a. m.; a beautiful starlight night, with no moon and so not very light. The sea was as calm as a pond, just a gentle heave as the boat dipped up and down in the swell; an ideal night ex-

cept for the bitter cold for any one who had to be out in the middle of the Atlantic ocean in an open boat, and if ever there was a time when such a night was needed, surely it was now, with hundreds of people, mostly women and children, afloat hundreds of miles from land."

"The captain-stoker told us that he had been at sea twenty-six years and had never yet seen such a calm night on the Atlantic. As we rowed away from the Titanic we looked back from time to time to watch her, and a more striking spectacle it was not possible for any one to see."

"In the distance she looked an enormous length, her great bulk outlined in black against the starry sky, every port-hole and saloon blazing with light. It was impossible to think anything could be wrong with such a leviathan were it not for that ominous tilt downward in the bows, where the water was by now up to the lowest row of portholes. Presently about 2 a. m., as near as I can remember, we observed her settling very rapidly with the bows and the bridge completely under water, and concluded it was now only a question of minutes before she went; and so it proved. She slowly tilted straight on end, with the stern vertically upward, and as she did the lights in the cabins and saloons, which had not flickered for a moment since we left, died out, came on again for a single flash and finally went out altogether. At the same time the machinery roared down through the vessel with a rattle and a groaning that could be heard for miles, the weirdest sound surely that could be heard in the middle of the ocean, a thousand miles away from land. But this was not yet quite the end."

"To our amazement she remained in that upright position for a time, which I estimated as five minutes; others in the boat say less, but it certainly was some minutes, while we watched at least 150 feet of the Titanic towering above the level of the sea and looming back against the sky."

"Then with a quiet slanting dive she disappeared beneath the waters, and our eyes had looked for the last time on the gigantic vessel we had set out on from Southampton last Wednesday. And there was left to us the gentle heaving sea, the boat filled to standing room with men and women in every conceivable condition of dress and undress, above the perfect sky of brilliant stars with not a cloud, all tempered with a bitter cold that made us all long to be one of the crew who tolled away with the oars and kept themselves warm thereby—a curious, deadening bitter cold unlike anything we had felt before."

CRIES ARE UNANSWERED.

"And then, with all these there fell on the ear the most appalling noise that human being ever listened to—the cries of hundreds of our fellow beings struggling in the icy cold water, crying for help with a cry that we knew could not be answered. We longed to return and pick up some of those swimming, but this would have meant swamping our boat and further loss of the lives of all of us."

"We tried to sing to keep the women from hearing the cries and rowed hard to get away from the scene of the wreck, but I think the memory of those sounds will be one of the things the rescued will find it difficult to efface from memory. We are trying hard not to think of it."

"We kept a lookout for lights and several times it was shouted that steamers' lights were seen, but they turned out to be either a light from another boat or a star low down on the horizon. About 3 a. m. we saw faint lights showing on the sky and all rejoiced to see what we expected was the coming dawn, but after watching for half an hour and seeing no change in the intensity of the light, realized it was the northern lights."

"Presently low down on the horizon we saw a light, which slowly resolved itself into a double light, and we watched eagerly to see if the two lights would separate and so prove to be only two of our boats or whether they would remain together, in which case we should expect them to be the masthead light and a deck light below of a rescuing steamer."

CHEER SIGHT OF RESCUER.

"To our joy they moved as one and around we swung the boat and headed for her. The steersman shouted: 'Now, boys, sing,' and for the first time the boat broke into song with 'Row for the Shore, Boys,' and for the first time tears came to the eyes of us all as we realized that safety was at hand. The song was sung, but it was a very poor imitation of the real thing, for quivering voices make poor songs. A cheer was given next, and that was better—you keep in tune for a cheer."

LAS VEGAS GETS FIGHT

Johnson-Flynn Match Will be Staged in New Mexico.

Chicago, April 19.—Announcement has been made here by Jack Curley, promoter of the proposed Johnson-Flynn fight, that the bout would be staged in Las Vegas, N. M., on the afternoon of July 4. El Paso, Juarez, Salt Lake City, several Nevada towns, one or two Canadian hamlets and Paris were trying to land the match, but Promoter Curley favored the New Mexico city. Johnson will receive \$31,000 for his share of the proceeds, win, lose or draw. Of the amount \$1,100 will be paid over to him on May 1 as training expenses, while Flynn will fight for a percentage of the remaining receipts, and has agreed to pay his own training expenses.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

LESSON FOR APRIL 28.

THE BEATITUDES.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 5:1-12.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall (No doubt about it) see God."

It was St. Augustine who first gave the ordination address of Jesus, after choosing the twelve, the title of "The Sermon on the Mount," a title now universally accepted. It is better perhaps "The Gospel of the Kingdom," telling us of the characteristics of these members of the new kingdom Jesus came to establish, the influence of these members upon the world, and is a commentary upon the laws of this kingdom. It is this, and more, for it is a prophecy of the church at work and also a test whereby we are to know who belong to this kingdom."

Their Spiritual Meaning.
There are in reality only seven of the Beatitudes, the "blessednesses" and seven is always typical of perfectness. They are written in Old Testament language, but give the old form a new and spiritual meaning. The rewards are not arbitrary, but are the logical outgrowth of the character depicted."

The first four are passive virtues. Happy are those who are poor in spirit, not the poor-spirited but the humble minded ones conscious of their need. It is the poor, as to this world, that are to be rich in faith and to be heirs of that kingdom which Christ has promised to those that love him (Jas. 2:5). Happy are those that mourn, for they mourn not as those who have no hope, they shall be comforted, yea, they shall be strengthened. Paul tells us of that sorrow which is unto salvation and need not to be repented of, but the sorrow of the world worketh death. Happy are the meek, those who are not proud. The pride of man is soon cut off as grass. In him, the meek and lowly, we are to find rest to our souls. We are exhorted by the meekness and gentleness of Christ to receive instruction and Peter tells us that our ornamentation that shall be of the greatest price is to be meek and quiet in spirit."

At this point the master begins to make his practical application of the lives of those having these characteristics, upon the world about them. Happy are the merciful. The withholding of mercy tends to poverty, but the liberal soul shall be made fat, for to the merciful he will show himself to be merciful. Forgiveness, and forgiving we enter into this happiness, being kind, forgiving, tender-hearted, even as Christ hath forgiven us."

Righteousness Defined.
Happy are the pure for they may draw nigh unto God in full assurance of faith for themselves and on behalf of others. Indeed the writer of Hebrews tells us that without holiness (purity) no man can see God, not our own righteousness wherein we might boast but the righteousness of Christ which is by faith."

Happy are the peace-makers, the receivers and the diffusers of this kingdom. Not merely peaceable men, nor pieces of men, but rather as Tyndale's version is, "the maintainers of peace." Led by the spirit of God they are not only called the sons of God, but are the sons of God (Rom. 8:14). "The cause, not the pain, makes the martyr," said St. Augustine. Those who are presented for righteousness' sake, not those who seek persecution, are possessors of this kingdom; possessing it they are persecuted."

Being is doing—doing does not produce life, and we have here a linking of the old law and the new gospel. His kingdom brings blessedness, happiness; Satan's kingdom turns to the apes of Sodom. God says, speak out, endure for others. His kingdom is distinguished by altruism. The kingdom of darkness says: "Keep still, live for yourself." This kingdom knows not the essence of brotherhood."

Man ever asks this old question: "How may I be happy?" Those whom Jesus selects as the happy ones are looked upon by the world as the most unfortunate, but time has proven and eternally will justify these declarations of Christ. The good of this age belongs to the selfish and self-assertive, the good of the coming age to the self-renouncing. It is better to have sorrowed and to have received his comfort than never to have sorrowed at all. The message of the meek will get a hearing as against the censorious, and the supremely happy are those who shall see God."

Hunger for the highest and the noblest can find a supply for all its needs in Jesus the Son of God and only according to the principles he here sets forth."

Jesus saw the multitude when he gave us this sermon, which is not a sermon at all. He understood their need, the state of their hearts and what was in their minds. He did not see them as so many pawns upon the chess board of life; he saw their life, their sorrows, their sins. He read the story of human need and human destiny."

Why rejoice over our reproach? Because this is the path into this new kingdom. And when we walk "for Christ's sake" we shall enter therein and rejoice greatly for we shall have "great reward in heaven."

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THE MOUNTAINS

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What Are Your Aims?

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GENERAL ACADEMY COURSE, Francis E. Matheny, Dean. Two years, or three years, in such practical studies as will fit you for an honorable and useful life. You select your studies from such as these: Physiology—the science of health; Civics—the science of government; Grammar—the art of correct speech and letter-writing; Ethics—the science of right and wrong; History—necessary for politics, law and general intelligence; Botany—necessary for the doctor and interesting to every lady; Physics—the science of machinery; Drawing, Bookkeeping, etc., etc.

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Berea College

DR. EDWARD C. DOWNING, DEAN.

The College itself stands apart from all the other schools under its management and has long maintained the highest standards known in the South. To conform to the Carnegie standards we have diminished our former requirements! Required and elective studies with opportunity to concentrate in particular lines. Latest college library in Kentucky. Laboratories equipped for student practice. Courses leading to the degrees of A. B., B. S., B. L., and B. Ed.

MUSIC (Singing Free). Reed Organ, Voice Culture, Piano, Theory, Band, may be taken for special fees in connection with work in any of the above schools.

Questions Answered

Berea, Friend of Working Students. Berea College, with its affiliated schools, is not a money-making institution. It requires certain fees, but it expends many thousands of dollars each year for the benefit of its students, giving highest advantages at lowest cost, and arranging for students to earn and save in every way.

OUR SCHOOL IS LIKE A FAMILY, with careful regulations to protect the character and reputation of the young people. Our students come from the best families and are earnest to do well and improve. For any who may be sick the College provides doctor and nurse without extra charge.

All except those with parents in Berea live in College buildings, and assist in work of boarding hall, farm and shops, receiving valuable training, and getting pay according to the value of their labor. Except in winter it is expected that all will have a chance to earn a part of their expenses. Write to the Secretary before coming to secure employment.

PERSONAL EXPENSES for clothing, laundry, postage, books, etc., vary with different people. Berea favors plain clothing. Our climate is the best, but as students must attend classes regardless of the weather, warm wraps and underclothing, umbrellas and overshoes are necessary. The Co-operative Store furnishes books, toilet articles, work uniforms, umbrellas and other necessary articles at cost.

LIVING EXPENSES are really below cost. The College asks no rent for the fine buildings in which students live, charging only enough room rent to pay for cleaning, repairs, fuel, lights, and washing of bedding and towels. For table board, without coffee or extras, \$1.35 a week, in the fall, and \$1.50 in winter. For furnished room, with fuel, lights, washing of bedding, 40 to 60 cents for each person.

SCHOOL FEES are two. First a "Dollar Deposit," as guarantee for return of room key, library books, etc. This is paid but once, and is returned when the student departs.

Second an "Incidental Fee" to help on expenses for care of school buildings, hospital, library, etc. (Students pay nothing for tuition or services of teachers—all our instruction is a free gift). The Incidental Fee for most students is \$5.00 a term, \$6.00 in Academy and Normal, and \$7.00 in Collegiate courses.

PAYMENT MUST BE IN ADVANCE. Incidental fee and room rent by the term, board by the half term. Installments are as follows:

	Vocational and Foundation School.	Academy and Normal.	College.
FALL TERM—			
Incidental Fee	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	5.00	7.00	7.00
Board, 7 weeks	9.45	9.45	9.45
Amount due Sept. 13, 1911	\$20.05	\$22.45	\$23.45
Board 7 weeks, due Nov. 1, 1911	9.45	9.45	9.45
Total for term	\$29.50	\$31.90	\$32.90
If paid in advance	\$29.00	\$31.40	\$32.40
WINTER TERM—			
Incidental Fee	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	6.00	7.20	7.20
Board, 6 weeks	9.00	9.00	9.00
Amount due Jan. 3, 1912	\$20.00	\$22.20	\$23.20
Board 6 weeks, due Feb. 14, 1912	9.00	9.00	9.00
Total for term	\$29.00	\$31.20	\$32.20
If paid in advance	\$28.50	\$30.70	\$31.70
SPRING TERM—			
Incidental Fee	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	4.00	5.00	5.00
Board, 5 weeks	6.75	6.75	6.75
Amount due March 27, 1912	\$15.75	\$17.75	\$18.75
Board, 5 weeks, due May 1, 1912	6.75	6.75	6.75
Total for term	\$22.50	\$24.50	\$25.50
If paid in advance	\$22.00	\$24.00	\$25.00

Plan Now, Come March 27th

Any able-bodied young man or young woman can get an education at Berea if there is the will to do so.

It is a great advantage to start in the Fall and have a full year of continuous study. Many young people waste time in the public schools going over and over the same things, when they might be improving much faster by coming to Berea and starting in on new studies with some of the best young men and women from other counties and States.

Make your plans to come March 27th.

For information or friendly advice write to the Secretary,

D. WALTER MORTON, BEREACOLLEGE, KY

East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

RULES FOR BOYS CORN CLUB

1. Each boy entering the contest shall be between the ages of 10 and 15 years, inclusive.
 2. Each boy desiring to enter shall register his name with the County Superintendent on or before May 1st, 1912.
 3. That each boy shall plant and cultivate 1 acre. The preparation, planting and cultivation of said acre, shall be determined by each individual boy.
 4. That each boy entering the contest shall furnish to the County Superintendent 15 select ears, bearing the name and age of the grower, and cost of producing same per bushel.
 5. Judges will be appointed to measure the corn and also the land.
 6. No person will be appointed as judge who has any interest, either directly or indirectly in any contestant.
 7. There will be a prize awarded the boy growing the greatest number of bushels on the acre in this Congressional District.
- There will also be a first, second and third prize awarded to the three boys growing the greatest number of bushels to the acre in Jackson County. There will also be a Free Scholarship in the Eastern Kentucky Normal School, in connection with their prizes.

J. J. Davis, Supt.
C. P. Moore,
D. G. Collier,
Committee.

JACKSON COUNTY

PRIVETT
Privett, April 20th.—Bob Welch's house burned last Tuesday. It was thought to have caught from the stove. Only the clothes they were wearing were saved.—Joe Ward will teach a singing school at Gray Hawk, beginning on the 20th.—Nora Jones has gone into the poultry business this year. She has about fifty young chickens.—John Spurlock made a business trip to Annville last week.—Eva Peters who has been in school at Annville for the last four months has come home.—Chas. Cook left on a two weeks drumming trip.

TYNER
Tyner, April 21.—Farmers are thru sowing oats and are getting ready to plant corn.—W. R. Reynolds attended the Republican convention at Corbin and Louisville last week.—C. P. Moore of McKee is here putting up some wire fence on his farm.—Luther Morgan of Clay County is visiting his uncle, R. B. Reynolds.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dunagin, a girl. Her name is Beulah.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Nantz, a girl.—Mrs. Lottie and Georgie Moore have gone to join their husbands in Louisville.—W. M. Vaughn is in very poor health. He is not expected to live.—Miss Beatrice Morris and little sister, Oma, of Gray Hawk, are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Moore.—There have been several copperhead snakes killed in this vicinity.—W. M. Dunigan purchased a nice milk cow from Albert Creech of Greenhall for \$40.—Grant

Hamilton's two little boys were playing with an axe last week and one cut the other's toe off. The wound is doing nicely.—W. M. Bowles and family and J. H. Jones and family were the guests of W. K. Jones of Mildred, today.—Alfred Rader is peeling bark for Lee Congleton near Welchburg.

CARICO
Carico, April 21.—Mart Combs is very poorly with typhoid. Dr. Goodman is the attending physician.—S. R. Roberts is in very poor health at present.—Willie Roberts caught a large salmon fish 28 inches long.—Mrs. Lucy B. Himes visited her mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Himes, Saturday and Sunday.—Orbin Smith made a trip to East Bernstadt, Saturday.—Mrs. Elizabeth Himes is in poor health.—Miss Ellen Roberts and Catherine McDaniel visited Miss Mary Summers, Sunday.—Isaac Himes bought a nice young horse the other day.—Mrs. A. Parrott is real sick.—Mrs. Leatha Tussey is visiting her son, Joe Tussey, last Sunday.—Mr. Jeff Hellard died the 17th.

OWSLEY COUNTY

RICETOWN
Ricetown, April 13.—We are having beautiful spring weather, and farmers are very busy sowing oats and plowing.—Dr. Elmer Caywood is at Cow Creek this week doing dental work.—Floyd Lucas is here selling some of his household plunder. He intends to locate at Monica.—Elsie, the little girl baby of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gabbard, of Cow Creek, is sick with bronchitis.—Misses Brownlee and McGaffick of the Cow Creek College gave the young folks a party, Monday night.—A heavy hail storm passed over this section, Wednesday afternoon.—Edward Eversole of Cow Creek who has been in Montana for some time returned to his father's last Sunday.—Measles are raging at this place.—Allen Davidson of Eversole has moved to Jackson County where he will be in the mercantile business.—Esq. John L. Gabbard and Attorney J. K. Gabbard were at Booneville last Monday.

ESTILL COUNTY

LOCUST BRANCH
Locust Branch, April 20.—We are having some fine weather. Everyone is busy planting corn and sowing oats.—Mrs. Mollie Bicknell and family visited Mrs. Sarah Campbell last Thursday.—H. G. Bicknell is having some fencing done.—The roads are drying out and the people are beginning to travel.—Mrs. Lillie Bicknell who has been quite sick is improving.—Crate Robinson and family left, Tuesday, for Ohio, where they will make their future home.—Mrs. Nannie Hymer is visiting her parents at Bear Wallow this week.—S. B. Kelley visited his daughter at Ford from Tuesday until Friday.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY

GAULEY
Gauley, April 20.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Nath Bond, a fine boy.—Henry Brummett had a working the 4th.—Died, the infant of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. May, April 1st.—Corn is scarce and is selling at a dollar per bushel.—J. C. Kelley sold a mule to John Fane for eighty-five dollars.—Dillard Parker filled his regular appointment at Union, the 1st.—Charley Bond is at home on a furlough of 90 days visiting his mother.—Died, on the 17th of April, Jeff Hilard, of pneumonia. He was taken to Jackson County for burial.—Mrs. T. F. Bullock and son are visiting J. C. Bullock.

BOONE
Boone, April 22.—Last Saturday and Sunday were regular church days at Fairview. The Rev. Geo. Childress preached.—Lewis Lamb who is serving a second enlistment in the U. S. army visited his mother at Boone a few days last week.—J. H. Lambert and wife were visiting near Snider, Sunday.—W. J. Lambert recently moved near Berea.—J. H. Lambert made a business trip to Mt Vernon one day last week.—Mrs. Angie Huff of Morgan was visiting her mother near Boone last week.—Mattie Coyle of Rockford visited her daughter, Mrs. Nora Wren, near Boone on Sunday.—Miss B. L. Poynter and Mrs. Geo. Poynter visited the family of Joe Levett, Sunday.—Miss Sallie Richmond is sick this week.—Stephen Wren, railroad employee near Boone, visited his parents at this place, Sunday.—Talitha Coyle of Rockford was visiting friends and relatives near Boone, Sunday.—Pal Owens and A. D. Levett were Berea visitors, Sunday.—W. M. Gadd recently moved near Berea.—Mr. Blair of Harlan County recently moved to his property vacated by J. W. Lambert.—Mrs. Nora Wren was visiting Mrs. Jas. Lambert one day last week.

DISPUTANTA
Disputanta, April 20.—Sam Coffee had a nice young horse to die last week.—Bob McQueen has moved his saw mill and will be ready for business in a few days.—Granville Miller had a working, Thursday.—Robert Shearer has planted a piece of corn.—Silverster Shearer has sweet potato slips large enough to set out.—Seed corn is very scarce here and is selling from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per bushel.—Stanley Payne took the school list this week.

LAUREL COUNTY

VIVA
Viva, April 27.—Sunday school is progressing nicely here with good attendance.—Elias Simpson and family have moved to Woodford County, where they will make their future home.—Miss Emma Tacket is very low with pneumonia fever.—Miss Ella Quinlan who is attending school at London is staying over Saturday and Sunday with her cousin, Miss Nora Quinlan, of this place.—Will Moore of Tyner passed thru Viva the 19th on his way to East Bernstadt.—Mrs. Mary Gaines and children spent a few days with relatives at this place last week, and afterward joined her husband in Hamilton, Ohio, where they will make their home for a while.

IN OUR OWN STATE

Continued from page one
the national convention.
COMING FIRE WORKS
Previous to the assembling of the Democratic convention on May 29th, Kentucky will likely see quite a display of Democratic fire works, the Republican campaign, as far as Kentucky is concerned, having already passed into history. The fight, of course, will be between Wilson, Harmon and Clark, and each of the three candidates is expected to stump the state.

EXPLOSION IN MINE
An explosion in a coal mine near Madisonville last Sunday resulted in the death of five men. An investigation as to the cause of the disaster is being made—investigation after the fact. Investigations come quick and fast after great calamities, public servants quickly springing into notoriety thereby. But would it not

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be better to have a few investigations made before the loss of life, thus seeing whether rules and regulations looking to the safety of operations in mines, etc., are being observed.

THIRD JURY FAILS
The third jury to try the Dolan murder case in Lexington failed to agree last Saturday, standing 9 to 3 in favor of conviction. It had been just a year and a day since the accused shot and killed Patrick Mooney, proprietor of the Leland Hotel

and a member of the Board of Aldermen. It will be interesting to watch the case further, and it might be interesting to make comparison of the tardiness of justice in Lexington with the swiftness with which juries have done their duty in some other parts of the state in the last year.

Same Thing in the End.
A physician says that there is no such thing as "taking cold." Which reminds one of the old saw that you don't take a car, but that the car takes you.

Berea FRIDAY 26 APRIL

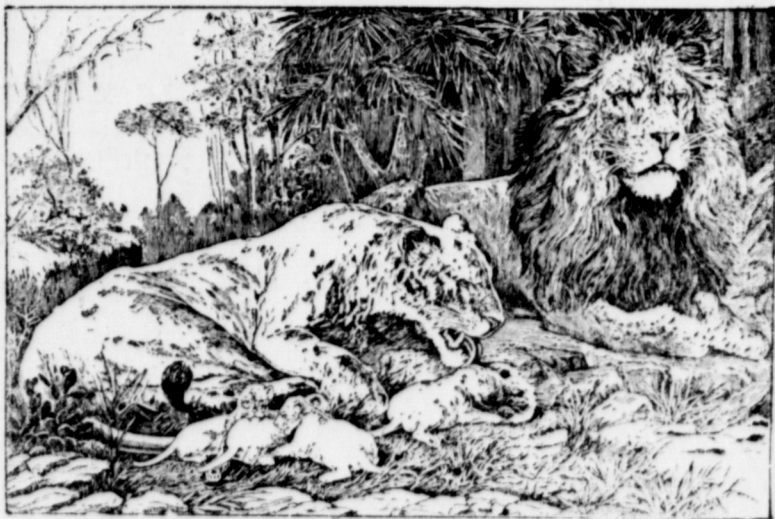
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3 -- BANDS -- 3
20 European Acts 25 Clowns

RARE WILD ANIMALS

20 World's Greatest Leapers 20

Royal Roman Hippodrome

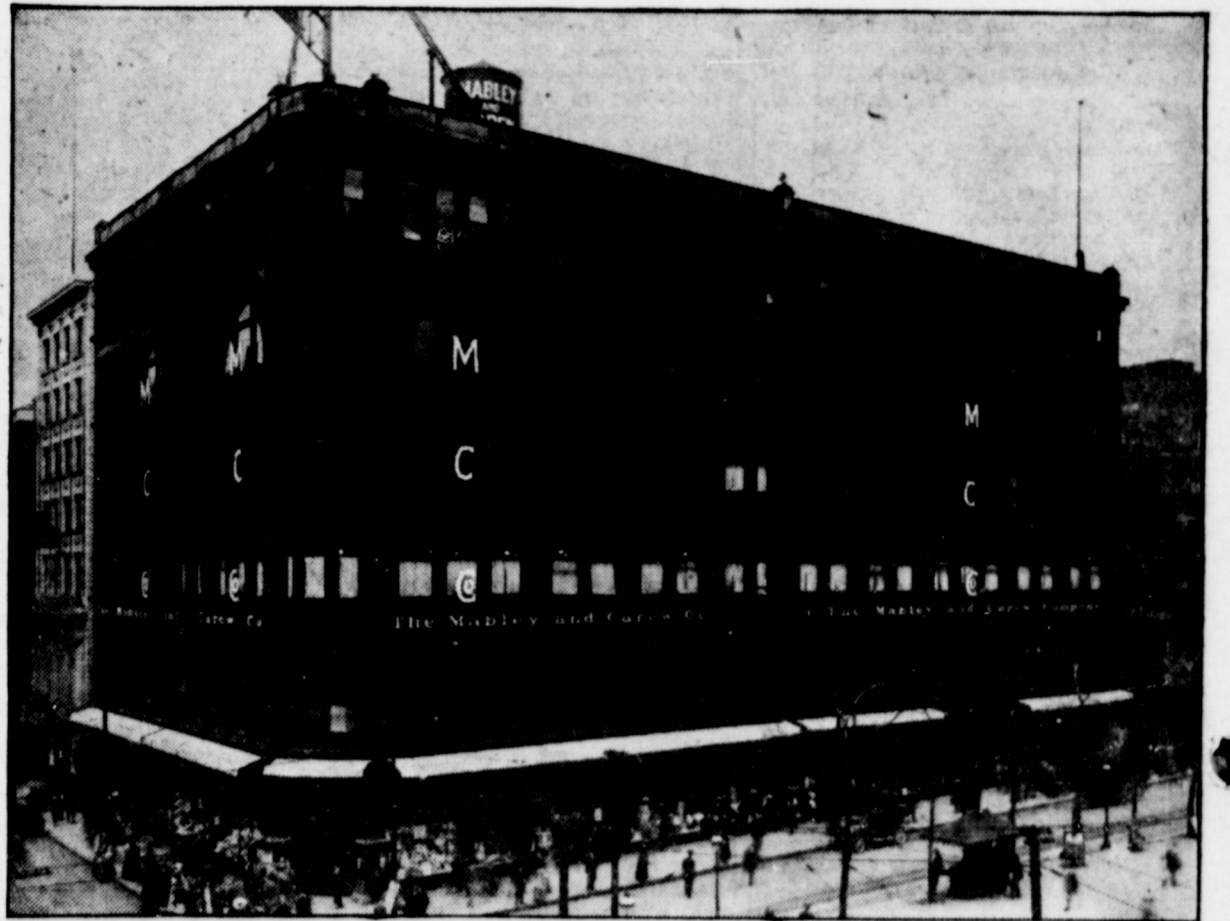
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